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Buffalo Bill Weekly

DEVOTED TO
FAR WEST LIFE

*BUFFALO BILL'S
FLYING WONDER*



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NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY

Devoted To



Far West Life

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No. 113.

NEW YORK, November 7, 1914.

Price Five Cents.

BUFFALO BILL'S FLYING WONDER; Or, ZAMBA, THE KING OF FIRE.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

THE KING OF FIRE.

The flare of gasoline torches before a small tent show, and the loud cries of the barker, caused Buffalo Bill to stop.

The town was Pocatello, a new mining camp, on the extreme border.

Among the banners before the tent, which were lighted by the smoky flames of the torches, was one which had the name, "Zamba, the Fire King," printed in large, bold letters. At this banner the scout stared rather hard. He had reason to remember Zamba.

Two years or more ago he had seen Zamba for the first time in a theater in Kansas City. Zamba was then at the head of a queer aggregation composed largely of "freaks." But among them was a young Ute, known familiarly as "Charley." His Indian name was Scarlet Arm.

As "Charles Scarlet," this young Ute had passed through the Indian school at Carlisle, and was, therefore, reasonably well educated. But while with Zamba he was decked out in paint and feathers, and had assumed the Indian blanket, and posed as a young brave from the Ute reservation.

His theatrical stunts were knife throwing and arrow shooting, and in both he was marvelously expert. He would throw a ring of glistening knives round the body of Zamba's daughter, coming so close to her with the

knives that the spectators felt their flesh creep. And with his arrows he shot apples from her hand and off her head.

Zamba's daughter had her flesh tinted to an Indian red, and wore a wig of horsehair that was as black and shining as the hair of any Indian, and of wonderful length. It hung down in a black glory over her round, coppery shoulders. The scout recalled her as really a beautiful girl. And so good was her "make-up" that he was deceived himself, and at first thought her an Indian.

In the advertisements she was said to be Scarlet Arm's sister, Red Flower.

While the show was still in Kansas City, Scarlet Arm had quarreled with Zamba, and then had stabbed him, and fled, taking the girl with him.

The newspaper reports stated that the young Ute had been making love to the girl, and Zamba had interfered, whereupon Scarlet Arm had knifed him and cleared out with the girl.

It created a great sensation at the time; and the scout had been under the impression that Zamba had died of his wound, but here was his name on that flaming banner!

Zamba had either not been killed, or another had taken his name and was masquerading under his reputation.

The scout looked at the other banners. It would hardly have surprised him if on one of them he had seen the representation of a feathered brave throwing knives round the body of a beautiful Indian girl, but he did not see this.

One of the banners held the picture of a female snake charmer, with a marvelously large boa-constrictor twined round her neck and arms. Another banner called attention to the Fat Lady; and still another advertised the bony proportions of the Living Skeleton. On a third was pictured a dwarfish figure of a man nearly naked, who was said to be a Ceylonese. He had a long, reed-like weapon in one hand, and in the other a bunch of tiny arrows.

There were still other banners; but having failed to see any representation of an Indian, the scout gave his attention now to the "barker."

The man was beefy, red-faced, and had a rumbling, deep voice, which was a bit hoarse from too much speaking in the open air.

"This little man you see on the left here!" he shouted. "Behold him! He is one of the famous Veddahs of Ceylon; a race of diminutive men, now rapidly dwindling in numbers. His native weapon is the sampitan, a sort of blowpipe made of bamboo reed, with which he propels his little arrows so accurately that nothing can escape them. In times of war he poisons his arrows with a secret poison of such deadliness that the mere scratch makes a mortal wound. The only Veddah on exhibition to-day in the world!"

He turned to the next banner.

"Here you behold the marvelous King of Fire—Zamba, the Fire King; the man who plays with fire as if it were water. He eats it, he drinks it; fire cannot harm him. The only and world-famous Zamba, marvelous master of the fiery element. To see Zamba alone is worth more than the small price of admission—twenty-five cents, two dimes and a half. Why, ladies and gentlemen, we are giving you under this canvas to-night an aggregation of wonders such as you have never seen before; and all for the ridiculously low price of twenty-five cents!"

The street in front of the tent was already well filled, and the barker's loud voice was drawing more people.

The crowd was composed of miners and cowboys, cattlemen, and the men of the town, with here and there a knot of women, or a group of big-eyed children. It was a jostling, good-humored crowd; and a steady stream was already passing into the tent.

As Buffalo Bill looked over this crowd he gave a start of surprise, for a dark Indian face attracted his attention.

The Indian was young and rather good looking. He wore moccasins and trousers; about his shoulders a blanket was drawn, and a battered hat surmounted his black hair.

He was the only Indian to be seen; but it was not this fact which caused the start given by the scout when he beheld him.

The young Indian was none other than Charles Scarlet!

The Indian's black eyes were turned upon the banner picturing the feats of the Fire King.

The scout tried to read the face of Scarlet Arm, but failed, for it had that Indian mask of indifference which is so baffling. Yet he fancied there was a certain blaze of the black eyes.

As Buffalo Bill stood thus watching Scarlet Arm, the latter stepped up to the barker, and was about to buy a ticket, when, with a whirling flourish, a clown came through the tent door, turning flipflaps down a widening lane between the people.

The barker redoubled his efforts after that, and more

people began to enter, when the clown had flipflapped back into the tent and out of sight.

The scout pushed nearer Scarlet Arm.

The Indian hesitated a moment, fumbling under the folds of his blanket; and then paid for a ticket, and passed into the tent.

Buffalo Bill bought a ticket and walked in after him; but when he was inside he failed to see the Indian in the crush of people that pushed and jostled round the exhibits.

A street piano had opened up with the latest ragtime, and a lank, solemn man was "lecturing" on the "wonders" to which he directed the people's attention.

He had already passed the little Ceylonese with his blowgun and diminutive arrows, and came soon to Zamba, the King of Fire.

Buffalo Bill was looking at Zamba.

"The original Zamba!" he was saying to himself. "Which proves that he did not die as a result of that stabbing affray in Kansas City. I wonder if he knows that Charles Scarlet is in the tent here to-night?"

The scout looked round, searching for the young Indian, and again failed to see him.

He had been made uneasy by the Indian's entrance; it seemed to hint of coming trouble; and he wondered if he ought not to tell Zamba at once that Scarlet Arm was somewhere in the crowd.

While he still debated this, the lecturer began to dilate on the wonderful performance now to be given by the Fire King.

Buffalo Bill had witnessed that performance before, and was willing to acknowledge that it was rather out of the ordinary.

He saw the performer start up a fire in a little stove such as tinnies use for soldering work, and heat a bar of iron until it was red; or at least that is what he seemed to do. Zamba placed the red end of the bar between his teeth and twisted it, bending the seemingly soft iron as if it were merely red sealing wax.

Zamba bathed his hands and face in the leaping flames, chewed up some of the glowing coals, drank from a red-hot ladle a gulp of whisky over which blue flames leaped, and performed other amazing tricks, to the astonishment of the wondering people.

In the midst of the performance a revolver cracked at the rear of the tent, and with a groan the Fire King slid heavily to the ground.

Cries of alarm sounded, and the spectators swayed and pushed, struggling to get out of the tent. Shooting was not uncommon on the border, and they were expecting more bullets to fly.

Buffalo Bill tried to move toward the point whence the shot had come, and, as he did so he saw for an instant a dark Indian face, and an Indian hand lifting the tent at that point. Then the face and hand were gone; Scarlet Arm had escaped to the outside.

Buffalo Bill bored a way through the crowd, gained that side of the tent, and passed outside in the same way.

People were crawling and rolling from under the edges of the canvas, and a whirlwind of frightened men and women streamed out by the front entrance. In the midst sounded the loud voice of the barker, trying to quiet the storm.

Buffalo Bill looked round, searching for the young Indian. But he was gone; the darkness of the night beyond the flaming torches hid him from sight.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRE KING TALKS.

Buffalo Bill returned to the tent after a time, having searched in vain for the young Indian who had fired the murderous shot. He did not doubt that Scarlet Arm had left town and was hastening for refuge in the near-by mountains. Not many miles distant was the Ute reservation, where the young Ute could find friends who would furnish him shelter and do all they could to baffle any officers sent after him.

There was a crowd in front of the tent, drawn and held by curiosity; but the performance had ended with the firing of the fatal shot. The street piano was silent and the barker was gone from his box by the entrance.

Buffalo Bill made his way through the crowd and entered.

The town marshal was talking to a group in the tent, getting their version of the affair.

Hearing voices in the dressing room, Buffalo Bill shook the flap and asked if he might be permitted to enter.

He heard some one coming in answer; and then was transfixed with astonishment on beholding Zamba.

The King of Fire was now in ordinary clothing, having discarded the red tights he wore during his performance. A cloth was bound about his head.

He started when he saw the scout.

"It is you?" he cried, after a moment, in which he seemed to hesitate. "Come right in, Cody. We have been having some trouble, but you're welcome; and maybe you can help us get at the heart of this mystery."

He led the way into the dressing tent.

It held the Fat Lady, the Living Skeleton, the Ceylonese, together with the red-faced barker and the slim, dark man who was the "lecturer." They seemed to have been much excited, and were still in a flutter when the scout came in.

"You were in the show when that shot was fired," said the barker. "Did you see who fired it?"

"It was an Indian!" declared the Fat Lady. "I seen him run!"

She was of such ample proportions and her voice was so small and squeaky that the contrast was startling.

"She says it was an Indian, Cody!" said Zamba. "I didn't see any Indian, but then I didn't even see you. I give my mind to my act, and hardly look at the people, so it's little wonder I didn't see you."

He began to introduce the scout to the Fat Lady, who was Ma'amselle Blanche; to the "barker," who was simply Jones; to the solemn-looking lecturer, who was Professor Fulton; to the Living Skeleton, who was Signor Satanyi; to the little Ceylonese, who was Reo; and to others, doing it with a quick flourish and a sweep of words quite bewildering.

"Whoever he was, Indian or no Indian," he said, referring to the one who fired the shot, "he came nigh getting me, but didn't. The bullet grazed my skull and knocked me down, and it's given me a thunderin' headache, but I'm still kicking."

He looked at the scout, and his voice was questioning. "Yes, I saw him," the scout responded, "and I tried to

get to him; but he dived under the tent and got away in the darkness. He was an Indian, and—"

"Yes?" said Zamba.

"Perhaps I'd better say what I have to say to you alone, Zamba?"

"These are friends, Cody, but just as you say. Come over into this corner."

"Well," said the scout when they were alone, "the Indian who fired that shot at you is the one who tried to stab you to death in Kansas City."

Zamba's face had been pale, but it became now even more so.

"No?" he said, staggering against the tent curtain. "Not Charles Scarlet?"

"No one else," said the scout. "I had a good look at him, and followed him when he came into the show."

Zamba sat down on a roll of tent cloth. His manner was startled, and he was trembling.

"Charles Scarlet!" he said, moistening his dry lips. "I didn't think of him, and yet I ought to have thought of him the first one. You remember all about that Kansas City affair?"

"All that I ever knew—all that the papers told. I got the idea, though, somehow, that you had died of that wound; and so it startled me when I saw your name on a banner outside, and recognized you after I had come in. I guessed that Scarlet meant trouble, and I ought to have warned you at once."

"I'm born lucky. His knife glanced off a rib, there in Kansas City; and to-night his bullet grazed my head, without doing serious damage. Though he didn't kill me there in Kansas City, he murdered my daughter."

"She is dead?"

"Yes; her body was found in the Missouri River a month afterward. Scarlet may have drowned her; I don't know. The doctors said she had been drowned, but they intimated suicide. However it was, Charley Scarlet was to blame."

"The papers said she was infatuated with him, you know; but that was a lie. And they said that he and I had quarreled over her, and for that he knifed me. That was another lie. We quarreled about his salary. He wanted a raise, and I wouldn't give it to him. He had been drinking. We had some words over it, and he attacked me with his knife. When I was able to sit up and know anything, I was told that he had run away with my daughter. I never believed it; if she went away with him he had hypnotized her. Would she have had anything to do with a cheap Indian? Not on your life! And then her body was found in the Missouri. I've thought sometimes that he kidnaped her; and that when she wouldn't go with him, he pushed her into the river, I'll never know how it was, of course, for if we had that devil right here he'd not tell the truth about it."

"Well, the officers made a hunt for him, and failed to find him; and after I was able to get around, and the body of my daughter was found in the river, I offered a reward for his arrest. But he had skipped, and no trace did they ever get of him. I hoped the fellow was dead. And to-night he turns up here, and tries again to kill me!"

He passed his hand over his bandaged head.

"What do you make of that, Cody?"

"What I make of it is that when he saw you here he thought you were perhaps out in this section with your show for the purpose of hunting him down. The Ute

reservation, you know, is less than a hundred miles from here."

"There's where he went, of course—back to the reservation; and there's where he's heading now. He's a Ute. But it ought to be easy to get him there."

"If he remained out in plain sight, yes; but he'll not do that. His friends there will hide him. They may take him out into the hills, and slip food to him there while he is being looked for; and after that he can come out and feel safe. The average officer can't tell one blanket Indian from another, which was always a puzzle to me, as there is as much difference in the faces of Indians as there is in the faces of white men. But the average officer will tell you that all blanket Indians look alike. That's because they're not familiar with Indian faces."

"It seems to me that he was hunted for on some reservation after he had stabbed me. It must have been this one."

"Likely enough. It's not surprising that he wasn't found."

"Charley Scarlet is a dangerous man," said Zamba. "He must have been drinking to-night when he shot at me, or he wouldn't have risked it in that crowd."

His face grew thoughtful.

"Wait a minute here, Cody; I've got something to show you."

With this request he arose and walked across the dressing tent to a boxlike, wooden trunk, which he opened, and within its depths he delved.

The scout watched him, with glances now and then at the group at the other side of the tent.

The confidences of Zamba were not surprising, as in Kansas City the scout had known the Fire King well. Zamba's statements had given him much to think about.

When the Fire King returned he produced from his pocket a small canvas bag, and, dropping down on the ground, with his back to the group, he opened it, and called Buffalo Bill's attention to its contents.

It held several shining stones, that were apparently uncut diamonds.

"See these?" said Zamba. "I'll confess to you that these stones are the magnet that brought me into this section. And I'll confess to you that I did know there was a Ute reservation somewhere in this part of the country, and that I'd been making inquiries about it. But I didn't know Charley Scarlet was still alive, or at that reservation."

"Diamonds?" said Cody.

"I'll ask you what they are? I call them diamonds."

"They resemble uncut diamonds. If they are, they ought to be valuable."

"I got these from Charley Scarlet; or, rather, when he skipped there in Kansas City, he left them behind him, being in too big a hurry to take them, I suppose. He told a queer story about these diamonds, Cody."

"Yes?"

"You'll say it was a queer story. You know that I am Zamba, the King of Fire. One day Charley Scarlet showed me these stones, and told me a singular yarn. He said that he had been watching my performances, and he agreed that they were wonderful enough; but he said that his tribe had a medicine man who could beat me out of sight. Perhaps those weren't his words, but it's what he meant. This medicine man, he said, was a fire king, somewhat as I am; only he did tricks even more remark-

able. He asked me if what I did was merely tricks, or genuine. I told him it was largely tricks, of course. He said, then, he reckoned that the things the medicine man did were tricks. Then he showed me these stones.

"But that's no trick," he said, when he produced them. "Here are some diamonds. Can you make diamonds?"

"I said of course I couldn't, or I'd be making them by the bushel."

"Then he told me that this medicine man had turned out these stones, using fire to do it with; he said the medicine man had a way of making a terribly hot fire; and that he threw some common-looking stones into it, and when he fished 'em out after a while they had been changed into these—into diamonds. He said he got them of the medicine man."

"It seems improbable," said Cody.

"It does; but there are the stones. A jeweler in Kansas City told me they were diamonds. Where did that Indian get 'em, if he lied about 'em?"

"I don't know, of course."

Buffalo Bill looked at them more intently.

"I've read that diamonds can be made by the use of great heat," Zamba went on. "Do you reckon that medicine man can have tumbled to the secret of making diamonds? Scientists say, I believe, that tremendous heat in the bowels of the earth, or at the time when the earth was molten, accounts for the existence of diamonds. I've wondered about it."

"That is the theory of scientists, I believe. And some foreign professor has succeeded, by using tremendous heat and great pressure, in making small artificial diamonds. They are said to be genuine diamonds; but too small for commercial purposes, though they can be used in watches, I believe, and in the points of diamond drills. But it doesn't seem likely to me that an ignorant Indian medicine man could do it, or could make diamonds such as these seem to be. They're quite large, and of good color."

"I've thought about these diamonds, and dreamed about 'em," Zamba confessed. "And I take a pride in my profession. I'm as good a fire king, I believe, as there is anywhere. But no man can know everything about any particular line, not even the fire-king business. What Charley Scarlet told me showed me that this Indian fire king was acquainted with tricks I'd never heard of. And of course that made me want to learn them."

"The chance never came, for as soon as I was able and had got over the shock of my daughter's death, I was on the road again with my show, having patched it up and made it fairly good again, with some new attractions to take the place of the old. But when we drifted west, and got out into this section, I planned the itinerary so that we'd hit this place. From here we're going to make a jump to Cinnabar Gap, across the mountains; and from there move over toward the Pacific coast, where we ought to do a good business. But while here, and particularly while we're crossing the mountains to reach Cinnabar Gap, I calculated I'd take time enough to visit that Ute reservation and get in connection with this Indian fire king. I want to learn his tricks, and I want to know the truth about these diamonds. So, you see why we are here."

"The other show people know this?"

"No, they don't; that is, not all of it. They know I'm going to try to get into communication with that Indian fire king, to get hold of some of his tricks. That's all

right with them, of course; for they'd approve of anything that promised to make the performance better. But I haven't told them about these diamonds."

"They don't know you've got them?"

"They know that; but I told 'em they were just quartz crystals that looked like diamonds; and I never have told 'em where and how I got 'em. I'm telling you, for I'll want you to help me, maybe, in getting into communication with that Ute fire king. This second break of Charley's is going to complicate it, though, I'm afraid; and if attempts are made to arrest him, and take him from the reservation, I don't know what effect it may have on that medicine man. Likely he won't be willing to give up his secrets to me or any one else. Maybe he wouldn't, anyway?"

His manner was anxious.

"You'd rather know those secrets than to have Scarlet arrested and punished for trying to murder you?"

"That seems a hard question. But, yes, I would; for if that Indian fire king knows more about the business than I do, I'd like to get his secrets; and particularly I'd like to know about this diamond business. That puzzles me."

He fondled the stones as he returned them to the canvas bag.

"What's your idea, Cody?"

"Drop it!"

"The whole thing?"

"Yes; chuck the whole thing. If you go there seeking information, and Scarlet is there in hiding, he'll kill you. Besides, the Utes on that reservation have been rather restless of late. That's one reason why I'm here. The military officers fear an outbreak at any time. If the Utes leave the reservation and go to raiding, we'll have to smash them, of course. In my opinion, Scarlet thought of that, if he took time to think about it at all; he knew that the Utes were in the mood to protect any Ute just now from the white men; and that probably if troopers were sent to arrest him the whole tribe would rise up and stand by him.

"Yet there has been trouble among the Indians themselves, and the tribe has in a manner split in two. Some of the most reckless of the young bucks left the reservation only last week, I understand, and are now out in the mountains. I thought of that when you spoke of crossing the mountains of Cinnabar Gap. Better abandon that idea."

"And give up our trip to the Pacific coast?"

"You can go round by the railroads. It's a long way round, but it's safe, and therefore the thing to do. You'll get into trouble if you try to cross the mountains. And don't go to that reservation, unless you go with the troopers to apprehend Charley Scarlet."

"The military will send troopers to do that?"

"They may. I'll have a talk with some officers about that to-night. I wanted to see you first, or find out about you, rather, for I thought that bullet had settled you. Glad it didn't."

He extended his hand.

"Better abide by my advice, Zamba. Wait till times are quieter and more peaceful. And now, good-by! I'll see you again to-morrow."

The scout left the tent and hurried away to report the attempted murder of Zamba, by Charley Scarlet, to the colonel in command of the military post near Pocatello.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED PLUME.

The news which Buffalo Bill received from the commandant at Fort Pocatello sent him out into the mountains early the next morning, so that he was not given time to return to the town and see the Fire King.

The breaking away of a band of Ute bucks from the reservation was of larger proportions than had been known, and trouble was greatly feared in consequence. It was said that these young bucks had broken with the older Indians entirely, and, plunging into the hills, had declared that they would not return again to the prison-like life, as they declared it, of the reservation. In addition, it was said they had even changed their tribal names, declaring themselves henceforth Red Plumes, and no longer Utes.

Who their leader was had not yet been determined, but it was claimed that in their ranks were the most daring and dangerous of the younger men of the Ute tribe.

Buffalo Bill talked with the scout who brought in this alarming report. He was Scar-face Joe, a half-breed, who was said to have a good proportion of Ute blood in his veins.

As the reports of Indian scouts could not always be relied on for accuracy, Buffalo Bill was now going forth to discover just how much of truth there was in the half-blood's story.

The scout was mounted on his handsome bay horse, and made an attractive picture as he galloped along the trail leading into the mountains. This was the trail to the Ute reservation, but some miles beyond it split, and one fork of it wound through some deep passes to Cinnabar Gap. Along that route the show people would go, if they carried out the plans of Zamba.

As he rode on, Gody caught sight of a wavering red plume, on a hillside some distance away.

He drew rein and looked at it, but as he looked, the plume vanished, dropping down out of sight.

"It's too near Pocatello for an ambuscade," was his thought. "I'd like to know what that means. Can some of the Red Plumes have ventured down here?"

He turned his horse from the trail and rode into the hills, seeking the point where the plume had disappeared. As he did so, an Indian rose up from behind a rock and began to run.

There was something familiar in the Indian's appearance, and when the scout leveled his glasses on him he saw that he was none other than Charles Scarlet.

But what a change there was in his appearance! The trousers and the battered hat had been discarded. In his hair had been stuck some plumes, the center one being of a blood-red. He still wore his blanket; and in every respect he had changed into a wild Indian of the hills.

He doubtless thought the scout had ridden out in pursuit of him, and he had started in rapid flight.

Buffalo Bill shouted, commanding him to halt, and then rode in pursuit. But the advantage was on the side of the young Indian. The way was of the roughest, and a man on foot could get along faster than one who was mounted.

Buffalo Bill did not want to abandon his horse; so he chose the best ground, and continued the pursuit on horseback, watching warily for the enemy.

He did not again behold the red plume, but he soon

came upon a moccasin trail, which he knew had been made by the young Ute. This trail showed such wild haste that the scout was convinced no other Indians were near, and, moreover, that Scarlet Arm or Charles Scarlet, had been given a bad fright.

The route taken by the fleeing Ute led into a territory unfamiliar to Buffalo Bill. The mountains were strange and he had no knowledge of the passes. However, the scout was able to maintain a good gait, in spite of the many obstacles; and he clung to the trail with a tenacity that must have been startling to the man pursued.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEN WITH THE KITE.

Buffalo Bill lost the moccasin trail finally, and some hours later became involved in a labyrinth of ways that led him far from the course he desired to take. About him were high-piled and ragged mountains, threaded by winding game trails that led through them, these trails often bush-grown and splitting in a manner that was most confusing. Selecting one that led as nearly in the direction he wished to follow as possible, the scout came out at length on the shore of a large sheet of water, which lay like a great emerald in the lap of the mountains.

"Lake Mayo!" he said, in genuine surprise. "Well, this is as near to getting lost as I've been in some time."

He had never been on this shore of the lake. But he had approached the lake once from the opposite direction, and had skirted round it a considerable distance.

As the scout rode along the shore he beheld what at first glance he supposed to be an enormous bird soar upward from a small grove of trees. But almost instantly he discovered, to his amazement, that it was a strange kind of kite.

A second glance at the grove from which it had appeared told him the grove was farther off than he had at first thought. The kite, seeming so large at that distance, was certainly a monster, when viewed close at hand.

Still staring in amazement, the scout leveled his glasses on the kite.

Then he scanned the grove, and fancied he saw through the trees the shine of white canvas.

"White men are there," he said, "engaged in kite-flying!"

No Indian had ever, so far as he knew, flown a kite; and the scout at once set his tired horse at a gallop, and rapidly approached the grove.

As he drew nearer he could see in the interstices of the trees the white wall of the tent; and then he saw two men come out of the grove and run down by the lake shore.

One of them ran back instantly, and began to twist at something on the ground by the trees.

Not until the scout was close at hand, and the thudding hoofs of his horse attracted their attention, did either of the men become aware of his approach.

The one who was twisting frantically at the object on the ground stopped his work and stood up, and the scout then saw that the man had been manipulating a winch which controlled the stout cord attached to the kite.

The kite was out over the lake, mounting higher and higher into the clear air, and ascending with a steadiness that was astonishing. Instead of the ordinary shape, it resembled a series of floating boxes.

Buffalo Bill drew rein, while the two men stared at him.

"My name is Cody," said the scout; "otherwise, Buffalo Bill."

The faces of the men changed; one of them advanced.

"Glad to meet you here, where we never expected to meet anybody. That's why we're doing our kite-flying here! so that we may carry on our experiments undisturbed. Cody, my friend is Lieutenant Anisty; my name is Clark—Lieutenant Clark, if you please. You are connected with the army, we understand; we are connected with the signal-service branch of it."

Buffalo Bill was out of his saddle in an instant, and soon was shaking hands.

The scout glanced again at the soaring kite.

"Doesn't it fly beautifully?" said Lieutenant Clark, with pardonable pride. "It's so balanced that if we should now cut this string it would float on for several miles before settling to the ground. And it's very large, you see; the largest we have ever used, though it behaves as well as if it were much smaller."

"It excited my curiosity very much," Buffalo Bill confessed.

"I should think it might, coming on it here!"

"What practical use can be made of it?"

"We can carry up signals with it, for one thing; but the chief use which we think such a kite will be put to is to carry explosives aloft. With the wind in the right direction, explosives could be carried by such a kite out toward the lines of the enemy; then the string could be cut and the kite would float on over the enemy; and with time-fuses and contrivances for releasing the explosives at the proper moment, they could be dropped down and exploded. We believe that they might be used against, or for hurling down explosives into, the enemy's entrenched positions."

The scout looked at the big kite with more interest.

"The thing seems feasible."

"That's why we are here—one of the reasons; we are making other experiments, in the interests of the signal service and of the army."

There was an implied question in the statement. It seemed to say, "We have told you of ourselves, what of yourself?"

The scout answered promptly the unvoiced inquiry.

"I came out in pursuit of an Indian who tried to commit a murder in Pocatello last night. He was a young Ute. He fled into the mountains, and for a time I was able to hold his trail. Then I lost it; and in trying to pick it up I became so confused in the passes hereabouts that I didn't hardly know where I was until I came out here on the shore of the lake."

"An Indian murderer!"

"He tried to commit murder; luckily he didn't succeed."

Then he told them all about it, and acquainted them, also, with what had been learned from the half-blood scout, Scar-face Joe.

When Zamba, the Fire King, was mentioned, there was a strange alteration in the face of Lieutenant Anisty, which escaped the scout's attention, as at the moment he was looking at Lieutenant Clark.

Lieutenant Anisty began to ask questions:

"So far as you know, there isn't another Zamba, the Fire King?"

"I think there isn't another," the scout answered.

"That's a strange story!"

It didn't seem so strange to the scout. An Indian

employee of a show had quarreled with his employer over a question of salary, and, as a result of the quarrel, had knifed him.

But perhaps Lieutenant Anisty meant it was strange that a white girl should have eloped with an Indian. If she did elope with him, that was strange, the scout would admit. He was not sure she had eloped; nor was Zamba sure of it, or willing to admit it.

"What was the girl's name?" Anisty asked.

"Muriel, I think. Yes, I'm sure it was Muriel."

"Muriel Zamba?"

"Perhaps. I really don't know if Zamba is the Fire King's real name; it may be only his show name, for use before the public."

"I see," Anisty assented.

He asked other questions, showing a keen interest in a story that apparently could have for him little personal concern.

This the scout noted, and he wondered at it.

But Anisty had been able to control his features, after that first moment, and his face showed less eagerness than his questions.

"You expect to make further search for Charles Scarlet?" he said.

"I expect to. I want to locate that Red Plume village. It will be rather a remarkable thing if the young men have split off from the other members of the tribe in that way."

"Indian tribes never separate?"

"Yes, sometimes; and sometimes two tribes unite as one, as the Sacs and Foxes, and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. But the thing isn't common. The tribal feeling is pretty strong in American Indians."

"I should call it queer if it has happened," said Clark.

"What I think," said the scout, "is that, if the young men have done this, it is only for effect—to bring pressure to bear on the older men; and that soon they will go back to the tribe. But there may be a lot of trouble with the white people before they do."

"And that reminds me that you are in great danger here on the shore of this lake. If the Red Plumes take the warpath, you will stand a good chance of having your hair lifted."

"Pleasant to contemplate!" said Clark.

"You really think we are in danger?" Anisty asked.

"My advice would be that, for the present, you abandon your experiments here and move to Pocatello, or near it, where the peril will be less. Frankly, I think you are in danger here."

"And we were resting so quietly, in fancied security!"

"You can carry on your experiments as well in another and safer place."

"And expose to the curiosity of the public what we are doing. Ordinarily, we wouldn't even have been willing to tell you. But you belong to the army; and perhaps we spoke before we duly considered the matter."

"Your secrets are safe with me," the scout assured him.

"Of course. Your honor is untarnished."

The scout flushed, though it was meant as flattery.

"Won't you go into camp with us here?" Clark invited. "We're reasonably comfortable, though living in a tent. Over in that valley we have some horses, that transported us and our belongings to this point. And we have a

sectional boat there, for use on this lake. We really do not much fear the Indians, for we are armed."

Nevertheless, before he departed, Buffalo Bill again warned them of the danger they were in.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE CEYLONSE.

Throughout the remainder of the day, Buffalo Bill prosecuted the search which he hoped would uncover the location of the new village of the Red Plumes, if it really existed, or would again put him on the trail of Scarlet Arm.

He confessed to defeat, temporarily, at least, before nightfall; and went into camp on the shores of the lake, but at some distance from the camp of the signal-service men. After striking the lake, he had regained his bearings; and as he went into camp he was aware that he was not far distant from the trail that bent southward in the direction of Cinnabar Gap.

The next morning, as Buffalo Bill sat quietly by the lake, after breakfast, thinking over the situation, he was aroused by a rustling of the bushes near at hand, and then a man came out into view.

The scout's astonishment was great, for the man was the dwarfish little Ceylonese he had seen in Zamba's show at Pocatello.

The Ceylonese ran up to him with a glad cry and some English words that, at first, the scout hardly understood.

The amount of clothing the Ceylonese carried on his person was scanty enough—he was almost naked; but he had his slender bamboo blowgun and a bunch of arrows in his hands, and slung to his back was a large bag of woven grass, that held many things, as the scout learned later.

With those almost inarticulate cries on his lips, the small brown figure dashed up to the scout, who was a giant beside him.

"Master Zamba he go with show through the mountain," he said. "He start yis morning. Hills very high, road very small; so small horses can hardly walk along; and the wagons go bang, bang on the rocks. It shake so that it make the Fat Lady very sick. Oh, she muchee sick! Holes very deep by side of road. It make Reo scared—everybody is scared. Zamba say: 'Go on!' We go on. Road it get more bad. Fat Lady git more sick. Rocks make wagons go more bang, bang; holes deeper, and still deeper. Then the Indian he come, and he holler, and he shoot gun, and make big noise—very great most high noise. Reo he run when he hear that holler, and that shotgun; and he run and he run; and bimeby dark come, and he know not where; and then he here, and he see you white man—the big white man that come to show and talk to Zamba."

The startling story showed that Zamba, foolishly, and in spite of the scout's warning, had tried to take his show through to Cinnabar Gap by the mountain trail; and that en route he had been attacked by Indians.

"I will go with you, Reo," said Cody. "You will show me where the bad Indians are, and the show people who are cooped up by them, and you and I will fight them; we will fight for Zamba, and the Fat Lady, and the Skeleton, and all the others."

"Maybe they be dead!"

"Reo," Cody said, "I am going to take my horse, and

we are going to the place where the Indians attacked Zamba's party. You've probably wandered round and round in the darkness, and covered a good many unnecessary miles; but I know where the Cinnabar Gap trail is, and I think we can find where the show is if it is still in existence."

When he saw that the scout was getting the horse ready, Reo dived into the grass-cloth bag which was swung over his bare, brown shoulders, and began to dig into its contents. He brought out some strange compounds, that looked greasy and were ill-smelling.

"He kill!" he said, holding up one.

He took out another.

"He burn—he make fiery burn."

He dipped the points of some of his tiny arrows into it, with smiles of satisfaction; and then sighted through the diminutive, rifelike bore of his blowgun, to see that it was clear.

"Me fight um!" he said.

The scout lifted the little man as if he had been a small boy, and swung him into the saddle; then mounted behind him.

Instead of striking off for the Cinnabar Gap trail, the scout first rode round the lake shore until he came to the camp of the signal-service men.

The tent was there, but the big kite was not to be seen, and the men were gone.

"Out prospecting and exploring," said the scout. "And after my warning! Well, if they get into trouble, they will have only themselves to blame. From what Reo says, the Red Plumes have gone on the warpath and there is trouble in the air."

Desiring to give the signal-service men information of this, the scout dismounted, wrote a note, and pinned it on the tent, near the entrance, where he believed the men would see it as soon as they returned.

Time was too precious to permit him to tarry longer; and, with Reo seated before him, and cackling out his pleasure, the scout turned his horse away from the tent and rode into the hills.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTURE OF THE SHOW.

Having at length reached the Cinnabar Gap trail, Buffalo Bill pushed along it in the direction of Pocatello, convinced that in that direction Zamba's party was to be found, if they still lived, or had not been carried off by the Indians.

When the scout had progressed five or six miles, Reo began to show excitement; he was reaching familiar ground. In his flight he had come over this portion of the trail. Then to the ears of the scout came sounds of Indian yells and the reports of rifles.

"They are still at it!" he said. "Which shows that the Indians have not yet conquered them."

He spurred his horse on, Reo's excitement increasing every moment.

When the sounds of firing seemed quite near, Buffalo Bill left the trail, descended into a thicket, where he tied his horse, and then set out on foot, with Reo creeping like a little brown shadow at his heels.

Reo's eyes were glittering, and he clutched his tiny arrows and his blowgun with a sort of spasmodic intensity.

"The Indian he fight," he said. "Reo he fight. We all fight. It will be the great time of one."

Though the scout hastened all he could, before he reached the scene of the conflict he discovered that he was too late. The rifle fire ceased, and the character of the yells proclaimed a victory for the Indians.

His heart sickened; he expected that a massacre had taken place. But when he and the little Ceylonese crawled close up to the trail, the discovery was made that this was not so; the people of the show who still lived had been made prisoners.

From the edge of a thicket Buffalo Bill and the Ceylonese looked out on the scene of the fight, which was a little hollow at one side of the trail, into which the show people had hurried when they saw they were to be attacked.

In that hollow they had made a barricade of their wagons, and there had tried to stand off their savage assailants. That the fight had been fierce could be seen. Dead horses were in the little circle where the white men had made their stand. Two dead white men and a dead white woman were also to be seen there; in addition to some dead Indians, whose bodies had, no doubt, been brought in by the victorious Red Plumes.

The Indians, having secured their prisoners, were now looting the show people's effects.

They were tearing to pieces the contents of the wagons, searching for valuables, and particularly for the white man's firewater, which is always the thing that a victorious Indian thinks of first, at such a time. A bottle or two of the stuff had been found, and was passing from lip to lip.

In the midst of the looting redskins was Scarlet Arm, who was not taking part in it, but who seemed to be trying to keep a cool head and a calm eye, as was needed in the leader of such a band.

The scout's first thoughts were for the prisoners, and he looked for them.

The Fat Lady sat on a bundle of blankets, the picture of tearful and abject despair. Even from that distance the scout could see the fright and woe on her round, red face, which the excitement had made even redder.

Close by her was Zamba, who seemed more cheerful, yet whose aspect was funereal enough. And near him was the clown, quite as depressed.

The Living Skeleton was there, also; but the barker and the tall, lank lecturer had fallen before the Indian bullets; they were the two dead white men first observed by the scout. The "lady snake charmer" was also dead, and her snake had escaped.

Having rolled the dead horses over into the cañon, and satisfied their lust for looting, the Indians began to pay more attention to their prisoners.

At the command of Scarlet Arm, they began to tie Zamba.

"You know me?" the scout heard Scarlet Arm ask of the unhappy man.

Zamba leaped to his feet. His ankles were not yet tied.

"Yes, I know you!" he shouted. "You're the scoundrel that murdered my daughter and twice have tried to murder me! I suppose you'll finish me, now that you've got me in your power."

Scarlet Arm drew a knife, and seemed about to hurl it at the irate white man, but stayed his arm.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of your knife!" said Zamba, with scorn. "In fact, the sooner you kill me, the better; for you'll do it later, and if it's done now I'll suffer less. But let me tell you! They'll hang you higher'n Haman for this, and you ought to know it."

Scarlet Arm turned away.

Buffalo Bill and the little Ceylonese lay in hiding while the prisoners were mounted on horses, in preparation for a journey, doubtless to the village of the Red Plumes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HUMAN TORCH.

The scout and the little Ceylonese followed the Utes when they set forth with their captives.

For greater security, the scout abandoned his horse, leaving it in a grassy hollow at the bottom of the cañon, where it would find plenty of food and water.

Buffalo Bill and Reo found little difficulty in keeping close enough to them to prevent any possibility of losing their trail.

At sunset the Indians went into camp, at a point not distant from Lake Mayo, on the upper waters of the little stream which emptied into the lake.

The boisterousness produced by the firewater of the white man had worn away, and the Indians were becoming sullen. Though Scarlet Arm wanted them to hurry on, they would not; but camped down there, and prepared to spend the night.

Buffalo Bill saw enough of this from a high near-by hill to give him information of the fact that Scarlet Arm's authority over these Red Plumes was of the lightest character. They obeyed his wishes as chief when they chose to, and not otherwise.

Darkness had fallen, and Buffalo Bill was trying to prepare some plan whereby he could reach and aid the prisoners, when there was a great outcry in the camp.

It brought the scout to his feet with a jump; and the little Ceylonese arose, also, in great excitement.

The little man clutched his blowgun and slipped into it one of his tiny arrows, while his small form trembled.

"Bad Indian!" he said. "Make big holler. Come this way chop-chop, maybe."

"Something has broken loose," said the scout.

Then a swelling chorus of yells, borne on the clear night air, told him that a pursuit was on.

"One of the prisoners has escaped, I really believe!"

He drew the Ceylonese down, and crouched low himself.

There sounded a crackling of brush off in front, and to the right. Behind this crackling came a whirlwind sound of swishing boughs, where the chasing Indians were running and yelping like hounds.

"Perhaps he'll come this way, whoever he is!"

Buffalo Bill drew a revolver. But the runner in front shifted his course, and passed some yards distant, running with great bounds that carried him rapidly downhill.

The pursuing Indians plunged wildly along behind him, and soon both pursued and pursuers had passed the hiding place of the scout and Reo.

"Him Zamba!" said Reo, in great excitement. "Me see him go by."

"Luck be with him. We'll work downhill here, Reo, and maybe the chance will come to us to help him," said Cody.

The Indians and the escaped prisoner were soon far

ahead, down the hill. The crackling of bushes could no longer be heard, but still the Indian yells lifted; and they told the scout that the running white man was still untaken.

With Reo creeping behind him with the utmost silence and celerity, the scout began to descend the hill, shaping his course in the direction taken by the Red Plumes.

He had, for the time, abandoned his notion of trying to get into the Indian camp. The Utes there would now be too wide-awake to give promise of success to such an attempt.

As Buffalo Bill continued his descent, all sounds of pursued and pursuers ceased, so that he was left without knowledge of what direction to take.

Reo lay on the ground when the scout stopped. His ears were wonderfully keen, and he was listening for the missing sounds.

The scout dropped down beside him.

"Still go chop-chop," said the little Ceylonese.

The scout heard it—a fluttering of soft-stepping moccasins, off at the right, and some distance away.

The sounds came from several different points, and they informed him that the pursuing Utes fancied they knew where the escaped white man was, and that they were trying to close softly in on him.

"Come!" whispered the scout, and he gave a tug at Reo's scanty clothing.

Then he slid away in the direction of those fluttering moccasins.

The moon was rising over the shoulder of the mountain, and it cast slanting white rays down the incline of the hill.

These rays at first revealed nothing to the keen eyes of the scout. But by lying flat on the ground, he saw some of the Red Plumes, as they crept along, converging toward a certain spot of ground; and he knew in that spot was hidden the escaped prisoner.

He was about to call out to the hidden man a warning, when the Indians made a rush.

The scout saw Zamba rise up from his place of concealment.

He was white-bearded and venerable looking. The Indians recognized him, and dashed upon him.

Then Buffalo Bill beheld an astonishing sight. Zamba, the Fire King, burst into flames, which wrapped him from head to foot, mystifying and scaring the redskins who had been about to tie him.

They fell back, with cries of fright and amazement.

Zamba walked ahead, as if he did not see them, the flames curling round him in a manner that was perplexing and strange. Little wonder that the sight of him clothed thus in fire threw the Red Plumes into consternation, and that they turned and retreated beyond the reach of what they must have supposed to be his demoniacal power.

As they fled, Buffalo Bill hurried their going by a revolver shot, that winged one of them and set the echoes to sounding along the slopes and hollows of the mountains.

Zamba gave a start of astonishment, and, turning in the direction of the shot, stared into the darkness there, while the fire that enveloped him lighted the spot where he stood even more than the moonlight.

Then Reo rushed forth, with inarticulate cries; and, running up to his old master, he threw himself down before him and began to bump his forehead on the ground.

Zamba gave himself a twist and a shake, and, with

sundry brushes of his hat, extinguished the fire, and looked down at the little Ceylonese.

"Well, of all things!" he said.

"And I say the same," said the scout, stepping forth and revealing himself. "Of all things I ever saw, that fire performance you gave us just now takes the cake!"

Zamba chuckled.

"It seemed to scare the redskins."

"They're probably running yet."

"I'm sure I hope so."

He stooped and touched Reo. Until that moment the little man did not venture to rise.

The little Ceylonese sprang to his feet with a suppressed cry of joy, and clasped the Fire King about the knees. His delight was genuine and affecting.

"I thought you was dead, little 'un," said Zamba, patting the head of the little man. "Cody, I don't understand this."

"I don't understand it myself—about that fire; I mean! As to my presence and Reo's; we've followed you all day. But we'd better get away from here. Those reds may get over their fright in an unpleasant hurry, and come back to make an investigation. In fact, that's what I think they will do."

"Lead the way," said Zamba. "I'm turned round here, and don't know where I am; and I didn't know where I was going. When I saw that the Indians were sure to overtake me, I dropped down in those bushes, and got ready to give 'em a scare. And it worked, luckily for me."

The scout had turned round, and was now walking straight across the hillside, stooping at times so that his tall form would not be exposed to the sight of the Indians.

Just as he walked, Zamba and the Ceylonese kept close behind him.

Not until he had pushed on for more than half a mile, and had changed his course several times, did the scout feel that it was safe to halt for a few minutes.

The scout sat down, after listening for a few moments for signs of Indian pursuit.

"About that fire, first thing! It astonished me."

Zamba chuckled; praise of his ability as a Fire King was always pleasant to him.

"It was easy, though," he admitted; "the only thing is to know how, and to have with you the stuff to do it. If they should come on me now, I'd be left."

"You see, it was one of my fire tricks. I've mystified a good many audiences with that thing. By chance, I had in an inner pocket, undiscovered by the Indians, a flat little container the liquid-fire compound with which I did the trick. All afternoon I'd been working to get my hands free. I accomplished that after the Indians had their supper; and then it didn't take long to untie my feet."

"When I was free I jumped out of the camp and made a run for it; and all the Indians came howling after me. You heard that?"

"No one within miles could have helped hearing it," said the scout.

"I reckon not; they howled fierce. I guessed that they'd get my hair if they captured me, and so I fairly longed to. But after a while I saw they'd catch up with me. I'm not so young as I was, and those Indians are runners."

"So I dropped down in that cover, as I believe I told you; and then, when I saw them closing in on me, I stood up and emptied that liquid-fire compound over my clothing. The stuff takes fire of its own accord when the air strikes it, and at once I was all afire, as you saw. It scared 'em half into fits."

"It didn't harm you—didn't burn you?"

"Not in the least." He chuckled again. "It's as harmless, almost, as water; it makes a flame, but there's little heat to it, and it doesn't even burn my chemicalized clothing. It flames out in a terrifying way, but that fire is chiefly a bluff; it hasn't much substance. My clothing has been soaked in chemicals, to protect it from that fire."

"That's queer and interesting."

"It's one of my secrets—that compound; and it gives me half my reputation. People think I'm fairly burning up, and they wonder how I can stand it, when I'm merely fooling them."

Buffalo Bill's curiosity was aroused.

"You used it there in the show at Pocatello?"

"Yes; with some other stuff I have for the purpose. The iron that you saw me heat wasn't iron, and it wasn't very hot; not so hot but that I could handle it easily."

"But you passed the iron bar about through the crowd before you heated it, and I heard men say it was genuine iron."

"I passed an iron bar among the crowd, but I substituted something else for it before I began to heat it. It was but a simple trick of the wrist to get rid of the real bar and put another in its place. Why, Cody, what looked like red-hot iron was but a compound that was about half-red sealing wax. It's very deceptive; but you'll agree that soft red sealing wax isn't a hard thing to bend with your teeth!"

He became silent, listening.

"Did I hear anything?"

"Only the roar of the stream, I think."

"But there it is again! Didn't you hear it? I must see about that!"

To the scout's surprise, Zamba, the Fire King, sprang to his feet, stared for an instant into the semidarkness beyond the moonlight, and then started off on a run.

Buffalo Bill called after him, raising his voice as much as he dared.

Reo leaped up and stood staring.

"Master Zambo go big crazy!" he said.

"Yes, I think he has, or he wouldn't have darted away in that manner. I didn't hear a thing, did you?"

Reo had heard nothing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SONG IN THE NIGHT.

The mysterious actions of the Fire King caused Buffalo Bill to try to follow him. But as the scout had to guard against discovery by Indians while doing it, he did not succeed very well, and when he saw that he was merely wasting time, he turned in the direction of the Indian camp.

But when he and Reo approached the site, he found that the redskins had moved. No doubt, they had been frightened by what had occurred, mainly by the strange fire that had flamed out over the clothing of Zamba. They had taken their prisoners and made a hurried

change in their position; and in the darkness Buffalo Bill could not easily tell where they had gone.

He stopped at length, disconcerted.

"It will be best to camp down here, Reo," he said. "We can't tell whether we're going right or wrong until we get a bit of daylight. This moonlight is too deceptive to help us much. We'll pick up the trail in the morning."

"Maybe Master Zamba come!" said Reo hopefully. "Master Zamba big crazy?"

"It looked it."

"Indian big crazy, too. That why he make so big heap holler."

They had rested there an hour, and Buffalo Bill was thinking of trying to get some needed sleep, when he heard a cracking of the bushes. Some man, or animal, was coming on a beeline for their stopping place.

Reo sat up with a startled jerk, and lifted his blowgun.

Buffalo Bill laid a restraining hand on the arm of the little man.

Then out into the moonlight came hurriedly the figure of the Fire King. His face seemed writhing with emotion; but apparently he did not know that Reo and the scout were near him.

"Hello!" said the scout, in a low tone.

Zamba stopped, and bent forward, listening.

"Who spoke?" he asked.

"We're here—Reo and I. Come on."

Zamba uttered a cry that seemed to hold keen disappointment.

He came on to where the scout and Reo stood.

"Glad to see you!" he said hurriedly, but as if he hardly meant it. "It was a disappointment. I thought it was her voice."

Buffalo Bill looked hard at him in the moonlight.

"Her voice?"

"Yes, the voice of my daughter—the daughter I thought was dead."

Buffalo Bill became sure now that Zamba was crazy.

"I don't think I understand?" he said.

"My daughter!" said Zamba. He turned round, as if listening in the hope of hearing it again. "I heard it off in this direction. She was singing one of the songs she used to love, and I followed; and then I came here, and found you and Reo. It was a disappointment."

"Just a fancy," said the scout soothingly.

Zamba turned on him most angrily.

"You doubt me?"

"No. But you are excited, and only thought you heard the voice of your daughter. Lie down here with us and get some sleep. That's what you need, Zamba."

"Perhaps you'll say I didn't see it?"

"I never heard that any one could see a voice."

"Not her voice, of course; but I saw her. Don't laugh. I wasn't dreaming, and I wasn't crazy. I saw her, I tell you, off in the moonlight. It seemed to me it couldn't be so; for she came out of a white lodge that seemed to be hung with diamonds, which glittered in the moonlight. She came out of it, and she was singing. I thought, at first, I was dreaming.

"Believing that I must be dreaming, I followed her, still thinking I surely must be asleep; for you see, Cody, she was drowned in the Missouri River. I told you about it. But there she was, alive and well, and singing. I followed softly; and then suddenly she was gone, after

I'd followed her for some distance. I thought I'd hear her feet, maybe, and I listened.

"After a little I heard her singing again, off in this direction; and it was faint—very faint. But I followed; and then I came here and found you."

Zamba's eyes were staring. Even in the faint moonlight the scout could see how he trembled, and how white his face was—it seemed almost as white as his beard.

"Lie down here with us and rest a while," Buffalo Bill urged.

"You didn't hear her?"

"No; the river is close by, and makes a deal of noise, which, perhaps, is the reason. Neither Reo nor I heard anything that sounded like singing."

"It was a good while before I got to this spot," said Zamba, unconvinced of his error. "You wouldn't have heard it, I think. But I heard it, and I saw her."

"It was very strange!"

"If I believed in the return of the spirits of the dead, Cody, I should declare that to-night I saw and heard my daughter's spirit. But I don't believe in such things. And I know it was my daughter. She wasn't drowned in the Missouri, after all; she is alive, and she is here somewhere. I've got to find her; I shall die if I don't find her. You'll help me, Cody?"

The old man's voice trembled and broke.

"We'll help you all we can, Zamba. But sit down now and rest yourself."

The Fire King turned on him with flashing eyes.

"You don't believe me; I can see that you don't! And you won't help me. You think it was imagination. I know what you think. You believe that the sight of those diamonds I showed you in Pocatello excited my brain, and made me believe I saw my daughter come out of a diamond-studded lodge. You think I'm crazy!"

"Moonlight and imagination sometimes play strange tricks with a man."

"You'll go with me to hunt for her?"

"In the morning."

"Come now!"

"We'll go with you in the morning; and in the morning we will also pick up the trail of the Indians. They have gone on, and the trail can't be followed without too much danger and trouble in the dark. Rest here with us, and we'll begin the work again in the morning."

"You won't go with me now?"

"In the morning, Zamba."

The Fire King uttered a cry of heart-breaking despair and walked on.

Reo would have followed him, but the scout caught his arm and detained the little Ceylonese.

"Stop, Zamba!" the scout called.

But the old man strode on, hurrying now; soon he began to run, and was lost to sight beyond the moonlight which there flooded the hillside.

"Zamba big crazy!" said Reo sententiously.

"I think you're right, Reo. The trouble he has met with has unsettled his mind; and so he thought he saw his dead daughter and heard her singing, and—"

The scout stopped in the middle of his explanation.

To his ears came distant, yet sweet, music—the voice of a woman singing, and he sprang to his feet, electrified and thrilled.

Reo leaped up also, uttering little cries of astonishment.

"What mek that?" he said.

"It's a woman singing, Reo. Isn't it? Or have my ears fooled me?"

There had been but a single strain of an old and familiar song, which ended all too quickly.

The scout stood listening.

Some distance off he fancied he heard a cry from Zamba; then again all was still.

Reo pressed close up against him, and he discovered that the little fellow was trembling.

Then it came to him that an uneducated Ceylonese was likely to be as highly superstitious as an Indian, and that Reo believed spirits were abroad in the hills, traveling abroad perhaps on the beams of the moonlight.

Reo's words confirmed his surmise.

"Master," said the tiny man, "I be big afraid. What mean that sing?"

"I wish I could tell you," said the scout. "I don't know myself."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIGNAL-SERVICE MEN.

Lieutenants Clark and Anisty, the signal-service men, were returning to their camp in the light of the early morning. Since seeing Buffalo Bill, they had revisited the camp and placed their boat in the water, intending to cross to the other shore of the lake, where they thought they would be in less danger. Then they had gone again into the hills, to make a final survey of certain ore beds which had interested them.

From this trip they were just getting back, and they were much mystified and disturbed; for during the night they had heard strange sounds, some of them unaccountable. One thing they were sure they had heard was Indians yelling; and that, in addition to the warning of Buffalo Bill, increased their desire to break camp and cross to the other side of the lake.

But they did not reach their camp.

As they passed by some willow clumps, painted Indians leaped out upon them. Almost before they were aware of their danger, they were helpless prisoners and were being bound.

Their arms were taken from them, they were tied and thrown down on the sand.

"Well, this is a go!" said Anisty.

"I guess we're in for trouble," said Lieutenant Clark. "We stayed here too long; we should have moved away from here yesterday. But it's too late to cry over spilled milk."

In a little while Lieutenants Clark and Anisty discovered that a considerable body of Indians was near, and that they had a number of prisoners.

The character of these prisoners further astonished them; for they were the members of Zamba's show company, already described.

Yet the signal-service men did not know that only a part of the Indians belonging to this particular band were there; that the leader, Scarlet Arm, and others were out searching for Zamba.

The Fat Lady went almost into hysterics of joy when she beheld the new captives; she hoped that, in some mysterious way, their coming might give of a chance for her.

The other captives showed also a lively interest.

Scarlet Arm returned in about an hour, with his other

warriors, and, after looking at the new men, and questioning them, he ordered the march to be resumed.

His command of English astonished them.

After a time he rode alongside, and entered into conversation.

"I'm sorry this happened," he said; "I didn't intend my men should trouble you fellows."

"You knew we were here?" said Clark, in amazement.

"I knew you were down by the lake--have known that all along; but I didn't intend that my fellows should molest you."

"You're an Indian, but you talk like a white man," remarked Anisty, with pardonable curiosity.

A bitter scowl crossed the face of Scarlet Arm.

"I am one of those miserable Indians who have a white man's education," he said. "It has put me out of sympathy with my own people, and, on the other hand, I am not permitted to mingle with white men on terms of equality. The white men fancy themselves the superior race, and that if a man has red blood in his veins he is on a plane with negroes."

"Not all white men feel that way."

"Most of them do. I tried the white man's life, and then gave it up, and now I'm back again with the Indians. I'm trying to forget all I ever learned of the white men, and become again like these warriors. That's the only way for me. I'm their chief, a position I hold just now because of my superior knowledge."

"Education has helped you in one way, then," said Clark.

"Perhaps, but I'd have been a chief, anyway, I'm sure, and I'd have more influence with them. I can't control them now; but must let them go along as they please. If they had obeyed me, they wouldn't have troubled you."

"Can't you let us go, then?" said Clark eagerly.

"I've been thinking of that," Scarlet Arm acknowledged, for it was really the point to which he had wished to come. "I don't want to hold any of these prisoners, and if I could I would release them at once. It was against my wishes that any of them were taken. But you will see that the braves are very much excited and jubilant just now, so that it is not possible for me to do what I wish."

"But I've been thinking over a plan. Down in Pocatello, night before last, I shot a man by mistake. I didn't kill him. It is the showman who calls himself Zamba, the Fire King."

They had heard of this from Buffalo Bill—a different version of it.

Scarlet Arm looked at them earnestly, as if he suspected this.

"I know I can't make any of the white men at Pocatello believe it was a mistake, though it was. You see, the trouble is I was with that showman once, and we had a quarrel. He tried to kill me, and I stuck my knife into him, and then cleared out. I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been drinking."

"I understand he accused me of running away with his daughter, but that was a lie. I don't know anything about her, except that I heard later she had been drowned in the Missouri. He claims that I killed her, or drowned her, or something of the kind; and, of course, he'd like to see me hung for it."

"When I saw his show down in Pocatello I went in. I had been drinking. That is one of the cursed things I

learned of white men. An Indian in the towns, if he wears a blanket and looks as if he had just come off some reservation, is subject to insult; and so I wasn't inside the show tent long before I was insulted, and by a white man. I expected a fight with him, and I tried to draw my revolver. It went off accidentally as I got it out, and that accidental shot struck Zamba. I was horrified and frightened when I saw it, and saw him fall. I thought only of getting away then, for I knew I should be lynched; and I dived under the tent and made a run for it. I knew where my warriors were out here in the mountains, and I set out to join them; but I was followed and chased by Buffalo Bill. My warriors knew that Buffalo Bill and perhaps other white men were out after me; and so, when they saw the show caravan in the mountain trail, they attacked it. And, for the same reason, they attacked and captured you."

He again earnestly regarded the two white men.

"You don't believe that?"

"We haven't any reason to doubt it," said Clark.

"Well, I expected you would; nearly any white man would say that is just another Indian lie. So, you see how I am placed. Buffalo Bill and others are hunting for me, and soon troopers will be sent into these mountains, with orders to take me or kill me."

"That's unpleasantly likely, too," said Clark.

"You see, I understand the situation," said Scarlet Arm; "but I can't make my braves see it. They are crazy over the loot of the wagons, and the idea of having and holding prisoners sets them wild. They are still Indian savages."

"Yes, I see!"

"And now I have a proposition. I want to be protected; I don't want to be taken and dragged back to Pocatello, where I'll have no chance at all. If I can get you free, and free the rest of the prisoners, so that you can get to Pocatello, will you tell the people there this that I've told you, and try to induce the colonel in command at the fort, and the citizens of Pocatello, to drop this pursuit, call off their men and their troopers, and let me alone?"

"We'll be glad to do that," said Clark, eager for freedom.

"You met Buffalo Bill and heard his story, perhaps?"

"Yes; he came to our camp by the lake."

"I thought so. Well, I want you to tell him what I've told you, and try to make him believe it; and beg him to call off the troopers and abandon his pursuit."

"We'll do it."

"I'll have you released just as soon as I can. I'll have to wait a while, for an opportunity. I think I can work it. Now I'm going to talk it over with those show people."

He dropped back, and they saw him talking with the clown and the minstrel, and with the Fat Lady and the Skeleton.

"What do you think of it?" said Clark to Anisty.

"I think likely he lies, but I'm willing to get out of this on any terms. I'm wondering about Zamba and his wife. Is it possible that woman can be living?"

"I don't know. I never met her, and, of course, am not much interested."

"No. That's so."

He dropped the subject; but his eyes took on a far-

away look as he rode on, and his head drooped, as if he was in deep thought.

Late that afternoon the village of the Red Plumes was reached. It stood on a bank of a small river which flowed into Lake Mayo from the southwest, and consisted of a cluster of Indian tepees.

Being not far from the shore of the lake, and overlooking a portion of that sheet of water, the location was admirable.

By the stream Indian ponies grazed, in charge of some Indian boys.

Lieutenants Clark and Anisty were much astonished when they saw the lake. They were not sure it was the same body of water by which they had camped. Yet they were not aware that another body of water so large was anywhere near, and so were forced to conclude that it must be Lake Mayo.

This brought the further conclusion that they had been conducted by a very roundabout course. Hours had been consumed; yet they were sure they could not be far from their old camping ground.

"Does that mean anything?" said Anisty.

"It may mean that they tried to fool us, and it may mean that there was no other way to get to this point but by a long trip round through the mountains. They had to follow the passes, of course."

They asked Scarlet Arm about this as soon as they had an opportunity.

"The lake is larger than you think," he explained.

They asked, also, if he believed he could soon bring about their release, and was informed that he was exerting all the influence he could on certain of the leading warriors, with that end in view, and that his hopes of getting the prisoners off soon was better than it had been.

This was, of course, very encouraging; and it was told to the other prisoners.

The Indians of the village were principally men, it was soon discovered. The Red Plumes, in breaking away from the tribe, had not been able to draw off many of the women with them. So that they were, after all, little more than a band of armed warriors.

Those who had remained behind in this village were greatly excited by the fact that prisoners had been brought in.

It hinted of the old times, when the Utes took the warpath against the whites with many fighting men.

They were anxious to know what was to be done with the prisoners.

And how they stared when they saw the Fat Lady and the Living Skeleton!

They had seen fat people and lean ones, but never such monstrosities.

When they learned that these people were a part of a white man's show, which went from place to place, giving exhibitions for money, their questions spouted in streams. This was something new under the sun.

They grouped in packed masses round the show people, gaping at the Fat Lady and the Skeleton until those two unhappy people, so used to being stared at, wished they might crawl off somewhere and hide.

They listened to marvelous stories, too, of the fight; and of the singular manner in which a white man, pursued, had broken forth into flame, and had run on through the hills burning like a torch.

They had seen the fire tricks of the medicine man of their tribe, but never anything like that; they could not understand it, and had the story repeated again and again.

Nothing, however, exceeded the wonder with which they listened to the stirring strains of the street piano. They kept it going constantly.

Though the situation of the prisoners was so unpleasant and filled with threat of peril, they were now being subjected to no other hardship than being stared at, except now and then some curious brave tickled the Fat Lady and the Skeleton with the point of an arrow, to make them move round, so that they could be seen better.

The Fat Lady wept copious tears into her diminutive handkerchief, and sniffed in a way that, to the Indians, was most amazing; while the Skeleton lost his temper at last, and raged just as if he were an ordinary, irritated white man.

CHAPTER X.

THE STINGING ARROWS.

Buffalo Bill and the little Ceylonese followed the trail of Scarlet Arm's braves, keeping as close to them as they could without involving too great risk.

Yet, careful as they were, they came nearly falling into a trap.

Scarlet Arm was not the well-intentioned and simple-hearted fellow that he tried to make the signal-service men believe; he was crafty, and in his craft he was trying to ensnare Buffalo Bill, knowing now he had not returned to the post.

His thought was that if he could do this, he would be in a position to command terms for Buffalo Bill's release; he meant to hold the redoubtable scout, and send word to the post that he would be let go if a promise was given that no troopers should be sent into the mountains.

Scarlet Arm's warriors, distributed along the trail for the purpose of capturing the scout, were, fortunately, discovered by Buffalo Bill in time.

Yet, though the scout got himself and the little Ceylonese out of sight, their tracks were seen a little later by the Indians, who now began to close in on them.

The scout did not desire a fight, yet there seemed no way out of it. The Indians were approaching. He drew his revolver and waited.

"Reo git um, eh?" said the little man.

As he spoke, the foremost Indian came in sight, poking his face through the leafy undergrowth.

Without waiting for Buffalo Bill's permission, the Ceylonese brought his blowgun to his lips with a quick motion.

A slight, puffing sound followed, as the little man, with his breath, propelled the tiny arrow from the long bamboo reed.

The Indian fell back with a cry, that changed almost instantly to a scream of pain.

The tiny arrow of the blowgun had struck him in the face, and, as it had been coated on its tip with some mysterious preparation carried by the Ceylonese, that rankling tip and its charge of burning poison had seemed to set the Indian's face on fire.

He put his hands to his face and simply rolled over and roared in agony.

The thing was so astounding that the other Indians did

not know what to make of it until they saw him clawing at something that clung to his face.

When they drew it out, it seemed to be a small needle of wood, very sharp-pointed, with the other end fitted with a mossy or cottony wad, of dull color. They had never seen anything like it; but they rightly concluded that this was the thing which had caused such pain to the brave, who was still rolling in agony on the ground.

Where the singular thing had come from they didn't know, as they had not heard a sound.

The little Ceylonese had fitted another tiny arrow, and was eagerly awaiting the appearance of another Indian face and staring eyes. A strange, grim smile curled his lips and made his small brown face sardonic. He seemed a crouching, small devil, instead of a man, as he sat there, the blowgun ready, his eyes snapping with excitement.

The scout had been about to interfere, but concluded not to do so.

When the Indians could not understand just what had happened, or where that singular, needlelike thing had come from, one of them came quietly forward and looked through the branches. They believed that Buffalo Bill was somewhere near, but did not credit him with that.

No sooner had the warrior's head shown through the leaves than that slight puffing sound broke forth again; and this second warrior tumbled back with a cry. In another moment he was rolling and howling, clutching frantically at his face, as the other had done.

"Me git um!" whispered Reo, shaking with the excitement of the moment. "Bad Indian!"

Three of the other Indians came crashing through the brush, as their friends howled in agony, their idea being to see what this meant and gain safety by a quick movement.

But the little blowgun again spat its unerring arrow, and then a second, and a third, with such speed that the scout marveled.

And the curiosity-impelled red men fell back, howling in pain as wildly as their companions.

There were but six or eight of the Indians, and this strange and terrifying experience caused them to beat a swift retreat, as soon as those injured by the poisonous arrows of the blowgun could subdue their agony sufficiently to permit them to flee.

The little Ceylonese lifted his head, thrusting it up with a quivering motion, as if it were the head of a cobra, and something like a sibilant hiss came from his lips. The scout thought, at first, it was the soft sound of another arrow propelled from the reed of bamboo.

When the Indians were in wild and startled flight, the Ceylonese sprang softly to his feet, and turned an ear in their direction, to follow their movements and make certain they were really going.

When he was sure of it, he dropped back, with a satisfied air. Then he turned to Buffalo Bill. There was no smile on his face, and nothing to denote the excitement that raged within him, save the uplifting of the corners of his thin lips and the glittering shine of his black eyes.

"Bad Indian run!" he said, with phenomenal calmness.

The scout wanted to hug the little man.

"You're a trump, Reo!" he whispered. "That was the greatest ever! I think I'll take you with me on all my trips. That stuff won't kill a man?"

The Ceylonese did not comprehend the question until

on that showing; but I don't see what we can do. That chief promised to release all of us; and perhaps if she is a white woman he will let her go, too."

"I haven't any faith in him; he's a liar! I'm going to get out of this."

"I wish I knew how it could be done," said Clark. "I am tied up so tight that it seems my wrists and ankles are being slowly cut through."

CHAPTER XI.

SCARLET ARM'S TREACHERY.

When Buffalo Bill made his way into the prison lodge the little Ceylonese still crept at his heels.

The prisoners were startled by his entrance, but he contrived to make them understand who he was and why he was there, without being heard by the guard.

As he cut the cords which bound them there sounded a low hiss from Reo.

That it was a warning, the scout knew. He stopped his work, and faced toward the lodge entrance.

The hour had grown late—in a short while the moon would rise; and the village had become almost silent, with most of the warriors asleep in their lodges.

He saw the Ceylonese crouching in the darkness by the wall, clutching his blowgun; and then he thought he heard a soft footfall near the back of the lodge, where he had entered.

"Keep quiet," he whispered to the prisoners, who were excited and shaking with eagerness because of his unexpected attempt in their behalf.

He dropped down by the lodge wall, listening.

He heard the footsteps advance to the rear wall of the tepee, where they stopped.

Apparently the guard in front of the entrance did not know that any one had approached the lodge from the rear, any more than he knew that Buffalo Bill and the Ceylonese had already entered it.

Buffalo Bill heard the man outside drop down; and then he felt a tremor of the lodge skin. A moment later he saw an arm thrust under the skin; and this was followed by the head and shoulders of a man.

The scout's eyes had grown so accustomed to the darkness of the place that he was able to make out the face, which was now turned toward the interior of the lodge. The intruder was Scarlet Arm.

In an instant Buffalo Bill understood the situation.

Scarlet Arm had come on a stealthy errand, which must mean nothing less than the murder of the prisoners. Otherwise he would have approached from the front and informed the guard of his desire to enter. His stealth proclaimed the guilt of his intentions.

As if this were not enough, the scout beheld the glitter of the knife he carried in his right hand.

Scarlet Arm paused a moment as if to make sure his actions were undetected; then he crawled on into the lodge.

He saw the scout, who was lying nearest him. Coming from the light of the lodge fires, Scarlet Arm's eyes were now not so good as the scout's. He fancied the form he beheld was one of the prisoners, and believed the man was asleep.

Thus thinking, he crawled into the lodge.

As he bent over to deliver the intended blow, he was caught suddenly about the throat by fingers of iron. Then

he was hurled down, and a heavy knee was set on his breast, while the choking fingers continued their terrible work.

"Sh!" said the scout, as the prisoners began to stir and the Ceylonese came crawling across the lodge. "Keep still; you'll rouse the guard!"

He did not remove his fingers until he had choked Scarlet Arm into insensibility. Then he tied him, with cords taken from the prisoners' wrists and ankles.

Having done that, Buffalo Bill applied a gag of thongs to the mouth of Scarlet Arm, and rolled him over by the wall, where he was out of the way.

Anisty and Clark were whispering questions.

"Keep quiet!" the scout warned. "Unless that guard is half asleep he'll hear you. It's Scarlet Arm; and he crawled in here to knife you. We'll leave him tied up here and get out; but I've got to free the other prisoners before we start. Just stay here while I do that. I know what lodges they're in."

He touched the Ceylonese, thus signaling to him to follow; then he began to crawl to the rear, intending to let himself out by that way.

But as he did this there came another interruption.

The guard, who had really been half asleep, was aroused by an occurrence out in front—an occurrence which stirred other warriors and brought them tumbling out of their lodges.

This was the entrance into the village of some braves, who sounded war whoops as they came within the light of the fires.

The scout flattened himself against the ground, lifted the lodge skin a little, and looked out.

What he saw was surprising.

Zamba had been captured, and had been brought in; and the yells were his captors' announcement of the success of their efforts to take him.

The whole village awoke, and soon warriors were swarming round the new prisoner.

Zamba had not been tied, but was dragged along by the men who had captured him. This fact, together with his manner and that of his captors, told the scout that he had been taken at the very edge of the village, doubtless while he was trying to sneak into it.

Appearing now suddenly in the midst of that swarming and excited mass of warriors came the woman Buffalo Bill had seen earlier in the night.

A warrior waved her back. When she did not go he seized her and thrust her toward one of the lodges.

It was a small lodge, tent-shaped, made of white skins. Buffalo Bill observed that it glittered as the light of the renewed fire close by broke over it. This glittering sheen ran apparently in rows along the edge of the flap of the skins which served to cover the entrance.

Buffalo Bill stared for a moment at this, for it was suggestive of brilliants, and made him think of the diamond story of Zamba.

But instantly his attention was drawn to Zamba himself.

The Fire King had seen the woman, had stared at her, and then had begun to struggle wildly with the redskins who were holding him.

With a tremendous effort he threw them off, shook himself free of the detaining hands stretched from all directions, and, bowling over some of the Indians, he started with great leaps toward that tepee into which the girl had vanished.

As he did so he cried out, as if calling to her; though in the Indian hubbub the scout could not make out what he said.

As if in answer to his calls, the woman appeared in the lodge entrance as Zamba approached it.

She said something, stepped quickly aside, and then it seemed to the scout that she gave Zamba a push which sent him inside.

The next moment she was facing the warriors. Her manner was defiant. She lifted her arms, as if ordering them back. What she said the scout could not tell because of the hubbub.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCAPE.

"Now is our chance, if we're to get out of this," said the scout, dropping the flap into place and rising.

It had been a difficult thing for the signal-service men to remain quiet. Anisty had started to crawl to the entrance.

"Will you stay here while I try to release the other prisoners?" the scout requested, moving toward the front of the lodge.

The guard had started to join the howling warriors, but recollected his duty, and turned back. He poked his head into the lodge and was caught with a choking grip by Buffalo Bill and thrown to the floor.

"Help, here!" the scout whispered.

The white men and Reo came running. The Ceylonese had his blowgun lifted and seemed to want to shoot an arrow into the guard's face.

"Some cords!" whispered the scout, holding the writhing redskin.

Anisty and Clark groped excitedly. The quicker Ceylonese found some of the cast-off cords, and gave them to Buffalo Bill, who by this time had reduced the guard to submission.

He tied the fellow and pushed him against the wall of the tepee.

"You'll have to stay here and watch them," he said to the signal-service men. "I'll try now to reach the other prisoners."

He tapped the Ceylonese on the shoulder, and the little man followed him at a run to the rear.

Crawling out of the lodge by burrowing beneath the lodge skins, the scout and the Ceylonese saw a struggling mass of Indians in front of the shining lodge. The woman was still there, keeping them back.

Buffalo Bill scarcely tried to hide his movements as he darted across to the lodge holding the show people, who had been herded together in one big tepee.

The guard there had deserted his post. The Fat Lady, whose feet had not been tied, had waddled to the front, and was staring out at the screaming redskins.

The scout attacked the lodge at the rear, where he slit a hole in the skins with his hunting knife. The lodge was dark.

"Keep still!" he warned, as he entered. "I am Buffalo Bill, and I'm here to help you."

The Fat Lady turned about with a squeaky little scream. The scout worked quickly, not stopping to answer the questions that were showered on him.

"We've no time to talk," he said. "We must try to

get out by the rear of the lodge, where I've made an opening. Follow me, and keep quiet."

In some manner news that the prisoners were escaping reached the Indians in front of the shining lodge where the woman stood at bay, and a number detached themselves from the mass there and came running to the entrance.

By the time they gained the front of the prison lodge Buffalo Bill was outside, at the rear, with the released show people.

At a run, he started to the lodge where he had left the signal-service men. He expected sharp fighting now, and drew his revolver. The little Ceylonese scampered at his heels, clutching his blowgun and arrows.

As the scout ripped open the rear skin of the lodge and called to the signal-service men, he was made aware, by the added outcry, that something of interest was occurring at the tepee where the woman stood.

In another moment he knew that Zamba and the woman were boldly forcing their way through the crowd of excited Indians gathered there and coming toward the prison lodges.

The woman, not Zamba, was driving the Indians back. They seemed to fear her; and when she shouted at them and lifted her hands they shrank as if they dreaded her touch.

Lieutenants Clark and Anisty stepped to the outside, joining the other released prisoners. Anisty was much excited.

"Zamba is coming, with the woman he claims as his daughter!" was the scout's announcement.

The effect on Anisty surprised him; for Anisty dashed round the lodge with appalling recklessness, as if resolved to throw himself in front of the advancing Indians.

When he saw Zamba and the woman he ran to meet them. On the way he caught up a club.

A roar of rage broke from the redskins as they beheld him. The stories they had heard of the marvelous ability of the Fire King, together with the fear in which they stood of the woman whom they knew to be insane, had kept them from attacking either; but they had not this fear of Anisty, and they rushed upon him.

Anisty felled the foremost with his club; and tried to reach the side of the woman.

She stopped and stared at him, apparently forgetting the Indians.

"It is Anisty!" she said, as if arousing from a dream. "Run for it!" commanded Zamba, seeing Anisty's peril.

The Indians were closing in upon the excited and reckless lieutenant.

Then Reo's blowgun spat one of its arrows. A redskin who was reaching for Anisty with uplifted knife received the arrow in the face, and fell to the ground with an agonizing cry.

Seeing how critical the situation was, Buffalo Bill had commanded the little Ceylonese to open on the Indians with his terrible weapon.

Spat! Spat!

Other tiny arrows from the blowgun, sent with an accuracy that was unerring, struck in the writhing mass of redskins.

The effect was paralyzing; for each Indian struck screamed with sudden pain, and then fell to the ground and began to roll about, uttering frightful cries.

Zamba knew that the Ceylonese was using his blow-

gun. And he saw him now, at the corner of one of the lodges. He saw there, also, the excited white men grouped round Buffalo Bill.

The scout was lifting his revolver. The next moment it flamed, and an Indian close by Zamba pitched to the ground.

Pandemonium broke loose.

There was a wild rush of the boldest warriors toward the white men, and a counter rush of others, who struggled to get away from the strange weapon that was striking men down in horrible pain with its invisible arrows.

The scout fired again, and the blowgun sent arrow after arrow into the writhing redskins.

Zamba and the woman gained the side of the lodge, during the minute in which the boldest of the Utes halted and hesitated.

"Now we must run for it!" said the scout.

He pushed Zamba and the woman on, and commanded the others to follow them, while he and the little Ceylonese, still facing the Indians, formed a rear guard.

Reo was hopping with excitement. Yet he did not lose the steadiness of his aim. Whenever that little hissing puff sounded, an Indian dropped, screaming as if in mortal agony.

"Run!" the scout commanded.

He began to shoot at the Indians. They were hesitating. Some were calling for Scarlet Arm, feeling the need of a leader.

The darkness preceding the rising of the moon favored this singular retreat, which had taken a turn never contemplated by the scout.

"Give it to them, Reo!" he said.

He knew that but for the wonderful work of the little Ceylonese and the terror inspired by his stinging, jet-hot arrows the attempted escape must have failed utterly now.

The Fat Lady stumbled, fell, and began to scream.

The scout helped her to her feet and she ran on.

She fell again, a minute later; and this time did not rise, or groan. An arrow in her body told why. She was dead. The Indians were using arrows, and the scout now heard their serpent hiss.

The other escaping prisoners were hurrying right on with Zamba.

The scout and Reo retreated slowly through the darkness, leaving the dead woman where she had fallen. He regretted the necessity.

"Toward the lake!" he shouted to Zamba.

"Bad Indian cry very much!" said Reo, as an Indian tumbled down with a stinging arrow in his face.

But he delighted to hear that cry.

Seeing that Zamba did not know the direction to the lake, Buffalo Bill put himself at the head of the rapidly retreating force, leaving Reo to bring up the rear alone.

But Reo, with his blowgun and poisoned arrows, was worse a dozen ordinary men just now. The responsibility of his position and the terrible effect of his tiny arrows inflamed his pride. He exposed him. If recklessly, as he blew arrow after arrow through the darkness, manipulating the blowgun with a sureness and certainty that was amazing.

When he had shot away his last lot of arrows he drew them from the grass-cloth bag that swung from his belt.

That flight down the hillside toward the lake, in a course which somewhat paralleled the stream, was one of floundering haste, owing to the darkness and the roughness of the way. And it was the most exciting event in which any, save Buffalo Bill, had ever taken part.

The terrors of the blowgun held the pursuing Utes in check and gave the fleeing whites a chance.

But the howls that rose from Indian throats—howls of rage, of pain, of excitement and bewilderment, were almost enough to whiten the hair of the fugitives.

By this time the Utes had discovered their chief, Scarlet Arm, tied and gagged in the prison lodge lately occupied by the signal-service men. They released him, and demanded that he should lead them.

This he did, fury in his heart. He felt that he had been tricked and abused, and he was resentful.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FLYING WONDER.

The moon was rising when the fugitives gained the lakeside.

The Indians were still in pursuit, led now by Scarlet Arm. But they had learned caution. They refused to throw themselves upon those stinging arrows and the deadly revolvers of Buffalo Bill.

"If we could reach our boat!" Anisty had for some time been saying.

He declared that the boat was in the water in front of the camp, and that if it could be gained they could push out into the lake with it and thus be safe. But as they hurried on they discovered that the Indians had canoes on the lake. Some were being brought into use, as if the Indians guessed that the whites would try to get across the lake in the boat of the signal-service men.

Through mutual explanations, hastily made during the flight, some of the mysteries of the situation were being cleared away.

Buffalo Bill knew now that the woman was Muriel Zamba. Some of the things she said showed clearly that her mind was deranged. That was why the Indians feared her. Insanity is so rare a thing among Indians, that it strikes them with awe; and they have a belief that one whose mind thus wanders is under the control and protection of spirits.

Even Scarlet Arm shared that belief. And though he had carried this woman away against her will, when she showed insanity, he abandoned his idea of making her his squaw. Controlled by his superstition, he had kept her, surrounding her with such comforts as he could, fearing to do otherwise, and fearing to let her go.

He had a wife for her out in the hills, where he forced her to remain most of the time; yet when she chose she came boldly into the village and occupied a lodge provided for her there.

Thus it was that Zamba and the scout had had their encounter in the hills in the night, and later had seen her in the village.

With the Utes still pressing them hard, the fugitives finally gained the camp of the signal-service men.

They ran to the big boat that Buffalo Bill had put in front of the tent.

Farther out on the lake, and by the shore, under a large Indian canoe, whose occupant apparently

to dispute with them the crossing of the lake. In spite of this the lake seemed to offer greater security than the land.

As the scout hurried the fugitives into the boat, assisting some of them to get in, he noticed that the strange kite was flying over the lake, anchored by the cord attached to the winch. The breeze was strong from the hills and the kite was tugging at its mooring. The moonlight lay bright now on the lake and the shore.

A happy thought struck the scout when he saw that kite, and he called to Anisty and Clark.

Clark came running toward him. Anisty was so much occupied in talking with Zamba, and the woman that apparently he did not hear the scout's call. Muriel Zamba had been his sweetheart once upon a time; and now that he had found her in this strange way even the fact that her mind was clouded could not send him from her side.

"Help here!" said the scout to Clark. "I have an idea. You see how the wind is sending the kite out over the lake?"

"Yes. We left it flying, with some instruments attached to it, which we meant to read when we came back."

"We'll use it for a sail," the scout explained.

"For a sail?"

"Yes, help me. Catch hold of the cord and hang on, and I'll do the same. We'll try to cut the cord here, and then tie it to the boat's painter. We've got a little time; the Utes are still afraid of Reo's blowgun."

Lieutenant Clark comprehended, and he and others lent their aid.

Though the kite almost lifted the two men from their feet, they secured the severed cord to the boat's painter.

The effect was almost startling. The kite began to pull the boat through the water, jerking it out from the land almost before the men who had been manipulating the cord could get in.

The scout waded to his knees and threw himself into the stern sheets. There were oars in the boat, which some of the fugitives had caught up.

"Now, for your lives!" he cried.

The Indian canoes were closing in, their occupants yelling; and from the canoes and the shore arrows and bullets were now flying.

Buffalo Bill took an oar and dipped it deep, throwing his whole strength into the stroke. But oars seemed almost needless, for the strong pull of the kite began to send the boat along with a speed that accelerated constantly and was soon most satisfactory. The oars aided the pull of the kite, and in a little while the big boat was almost flying.

The Indian canoes that had come shooting through the water propelled by Indian paddles, and seemed bent on closing in round the boat, were passed and quickly left behind, though the Utes labored lustily at the paddles and still pursued.

If the speed of the boat had been great when close in shore it became phenomenal as the shore was left behind. The kite seemed now to have the pulling power of horses. The bow of the boat was fairly lifted out of the water at times by the strain on the kite cord.

But the occupants were not beyond the reach of ar-

rows and bullets, and the Indians were again using these, seeing that they were in a losing race with their paddles.

Faster and still faster went the big boat, until the waves piled up round the bow much as if she were a racing power boat. A white wake brightened behind in the moonlight. Caught in the tumbling waves there, the Indian canoes tossed like cockle shells.

The flying wonder drew toward the shore, sheering through the water like a torpedo boat.

As the boat thus rushed straight at the shore, the scout, at the proper moment, drew his knife through the cord.

The taut string parted with a snap, and was whisked away by the kite, which flew on, soaring high over the trees.

The men with the oars backed water, and the boat began to fall off.

Easily and without a bump she came up against the shore, which here was sandy, and then stopped with a grating of the keel on the sand.

The pursuing Indians were out of sight and out of hearing.

"We've won," said the scout. "We've had a rest, too. So that now we ought to be in good shape for hurrying straight on toward Pocatello."

The Utes under Scarlet Arm were not seen or heard of again by the fugitives.

On the afternoon of the next day they arrived safely in Pocatello; in spite of the fact that some of them were wounded.

The tale they told created a great sensation even in that town of many excitements.

The Indians under Scarlet Arm scattered and fled, not waiting for troopers to be sent against them. All of them found their way back to the tribal reservation, with the exception of Scarlet Arm himself.

A year or so later a young Ute Indian, who had been drinking, was killed in a saloon fight in Dodge City. It was Scarlet Arm, the half-breed.

Zamba visited the Ute reservation a month or more after the events set forth in this story, and there secured an interview with the medicine man whose feats as a fire king had excited his wonder.

He found the old medicine man very ordinary in his accomplishments. The wonderful things told about him by Charley Scarlet Arm were simply lies.

The supposed diamonds when tested turned out to be quartz crystals of very unusual appearance. Scarlet Arm had hung strings of them on the lodges occupied by Muriel Zamba. They had no great value.

As for the woman herself, the reader will be glad to know that she recovered her reason, and that she became the wife of Lieutenant Anisty, her old lover.

THE END.

"Buffalo Bill's Ice Chase; or, The Trail of the Black Rifle," is the title of the story that you will find in the next issue of this weekly, No. 114, out November 14th. The adventures of the great scout as told of in this narrative are of a very unusual nature, and you do not want to fail to read about them.

A CALL TO DUTY;

Or, The Young Guardsman on Detached Service

By LIEUT. LIONEL LOUNSBERRY.

(This interesting story began in NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY No. 110. If you have not read the preceding chapters, get the back numbers which you have missed from your news dealer. If he cannot supply you with them the publishers will do so.)

CHAPTER IX.

A DARING PLOT.

Skull-and-crossbones Todd was not alone. Near him, squatting on the earth, were two other men, evidently belonging to the slaver's crew. But neither of the two men with Todd was McLevy. Of that the two youths were certain.

This unexpected discovery of the skipper of the *Black Rover* surprised the lads not a little. Todd was certainly a daring rogue to trust himself so near the man-o'-war *Pallas* after what had happened.

The three worthies under the lanthorn were talking, but in tones so low their words could not be distinguished by George and Frank. Although he abhorred the rôle of an eavesdropper, the young captain felt it his duty to learn as much as he could of Todd's intentions, especially as they seemed to relate entirely to himself and the mission on which the governor had sent him to Philadelphia.

Without a word to Frank, George dropped down on his knees and began a stealthy advance in the direction of the lanthorn and the group underneath it. Frank understood the reason for the proceeding, and also went down on all fours and crept after his comrade.

A thicket of brush, near enough to Todd and his companions to enable the youths to overhear what was said, formed a screen, and behind this thicket the youths halted and listened.

"What ails McLevy?" growled Todd. "He should have got back here long ago."

"Mayhap he has run afoul of those lubbers that jumped from the *Rover* when the *Pallas* bore down on us," suggested one of the others.

Todd swore in angry impatience.

"An' what if he has?" he demanded. "Catch a weasel asleep if ye can, but ye'll never catch McLevy off his guard. By the seven spritsails! if he crosses the course of young Lee, I'll wager all o' Kidd's gold that he gets the letter. No more of such talk, Clapham. McLevy will come, mark me."

"I misdoubt me, cap'n, if we ever lay hold o' that letter," grumbled the third member of the group. "Faith, it is a foolish business that brings us here, after what was done on the *Rover*."

Todd threw himself forward until his face was within a foot of the man's who had just spoken, his bloodshot eyes glaring fiercely into the face in front of him, his clenched fist half drawn back as though to strike. The other clapped a hand to his belt.

"I mean it," he continued. "We're ashore now, an' not af it, cap'n. Raise your hand again to me an' I'll put a bullet through you. Treat me right, an' I'll save ye well; but I'll not be bullied by the like o' you."

"Ye've got French courage, Hornby," grunted Todd, falling back. "An' I'll tell ye this, my man-o'-war affar-

or ashore, ye're under my orders, an' ye'll obey orders, or ye'll never live to get back to the *Rover*."

"All my eye an' Betty Martin, Todd," answered Hornby insolently. "I go not a step farther in this till I know your plans. You are after big game, an' I'm goin' to know what it is. If ye don't tell me, I'll leave ye to shift for yourself. Nor will I go back to the *Rover*, but stay in this colony of Pennsylvania."

"An' see the inside of a jail for yer pains!" gritted Todd, repressing his wrath with a fierce effort. "We're all in the pay o' the French."

"I make no objections to that," said Hornby. "Gold is gold, whether it is French or British. What are we to get, an' what are we to do to get it?"

"Hornby's on the right tack, cap'n," spoke up Clapham. "It's right we should know."

"Have I said I wouldn't tell ye?" demanded Todd. "If we succeed in our work we'll all be set up for life. England may be too hot to hold us, an' as for these colonies, they were never to my mind. But there's France. We can live with the frog eaters, an' we please; and we can all have commissions in the French service."

"The work! the work!" returned Hornby impatiently.

"Getting that letter Dinwiddie sent to Loudon is the least of it. A blow is to be struck against Louisburg, an' the French are anxious, as well they may be. Dinwiddie's letter contains suggestions from Washington relative to the expedition."

"But if the letter is now in Loudon's hands?"

"It can't be. Loudon is not in Philadelphia. He has no energy, this Loudon, an' when he does a thing, he does it by halves. He should have been in Philadelphia long ago, but he has wasted time on the way. To-morrow he will reach Germantown, with only one orderly at his heels, and will lie for the night at the Crown Inn."

"What of that?"

"What! Canst not see though the hole in the millstone, man?"

"I can see, I think, that if Loudon gets not his letter to-day, he will get it to-morrow, or the day after, when he reaches Philadelphia."

"Zounds, man! He will never reach Philadelphia!"

Hornby and Clapham stirred excitedly.

"Not reach the town?" queried Clapham.

"Faith, no," said Todd, with a raucous laugh. "He will be met on the road from Germantown by four farmers. Swift horses will carry us across country to the Delaware. Under cover of night we drop down the river by safe and easy stages until we reach the *Rover*. After that, our port of call will be Louisburg, and my Lord Loudon will find himself in the hands of the French."

The wild and reckless daring of such a plot was almost beyond belief. Frank got a grip on George's arm as they listened. The harebrained scheme had small chance of success, and yet, with such men as Todd and McLevy, that slight chance might be wrought into a success.

There was one way to settle this plot, and that was to kill all, and that would, taking to the full and direct, lead to the *Pallas* without a moment's delay. Captain Calvert could be given the facts, and the lads could be sent to Windmill Island and the captain could be told that they could attempt to execute their plan.

This proceeding was in George's mind. He had but to make a move in the direction of carrying it out, however.

there came sounds of some one approaching. Instantly Todd and his two companions were on their feet, Todd with his cutlass in hand, and Hornby and Clapham with pistols out and ready.

But there was small cause for alarm. The newcomer proved to be McLevy, and he was dragging a prisoner with him. To the amazement of the youths in the thicket, the prisoner was none other than Nimble Ned!

How had Ned come to be in such a predicament? He had been left on Dock Street, staggering under a blow given him by the mate and unable to take active part in the pursuit.

Ned had a propensity for putting in a most untimely appearance in the most unexpected places. Yet how he came to be there at that time was a riddle which his friends were unable to guess.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" grunted Todd, sheathing his cutlass. "Who have ye there, McLevy?"

"A spy, cap'n. You know him, I think?"

"Know him? Not I, mate. If he is spying on us, why have ye failed to tumble him into the river?"

"I thought he could give us news of young Lee."

"Lee? What has he to do with young Lee?"

"Give him a sharp look, Todd. Ye'll know him, I'll warrant."

Todd stepped closer and gave Nimble Ned a critical glance. Then he swore roundly, and clapped a hand to the hilt of his weapon.

"So, ho! my young cock o' the walk!" he cried. "It's you, hey? Well met, say I. What hast thou been doing with thyself since taking French leave of the *Rover*?"

Ned was a most defiant prisoner. McLevy had him by the collar, and was clinging to him with a grip of iron, but the boy showed not a sign of fear.

"Why should I tell you what I've been doin'?" demanded Ned, meeting the captain's fiery eyes without flinching.

"Blood and bones!" fumed the captain, jerking his cutlass free again. "'Tis a bold spark that dares fling such talk in my teeth. Harkee, young un! Ye'll tell what ye're bid, or I spit ye like a hare on the point o' this steel. Now, then, where hast thou been since diving from the poop o' the *Black Rover*?"

"Philadelphia," grunted Ned.

"Hast been with that young blade called Captain Hotspur?"

"Think ye an officer has fellowship with a private? He is my cap'n."

"And the company?"

"The Young Guardsmen," answered Ned, straightening proudly and throwing out his chest.

A contemptuous laugh broke from Todd's lips.

"Where is the captain and the friend that was with him?" he asked.

"I know not. Faith, it's hard enough to keep track o' myself, let alone the cap'n an' the lieutenant."

"He cuts his talk out of a whole cloth, cap'n," put in McLevy, giving a vicious jerk to Ned's collar. "It was he that discovered me in this Quaker rig, and I had the work of my life getting free of this cap'n of his an' the lieutenant. A stern chase they gave me, straight from the sign of the Three Mariners to Dock Creek. I dashed into the house of an old 'Thee-an'-thou,' knocked a Quaker off his pins, got out a rear door, and so to a boat on the creek. Young Lee missed me, fair enough, but this

bantam stuck to my heels like a leech. He must have got a boat and rowed to the island. At any rate, I heard a noise in the bush, near the marsh at the lower end of the island, and went there. I had no trouble in findin' the boy an' layin' hold of him."

"Then, McLevy," returned Todd, "he's a spy, as ye say. As we can't tell how much he has found out about us, we must clear him out o' the way. Now is the time. We can't play fast an' loose with a source of danger like this."

Not only the ruffian's words, but his manner, as well showed clearly that he would not hesitate to take the lad's life. Crouching in the thicket, George and Frank heard and saw everything. If Ned was saved, something would have to be done, and quickly.

Hornby, Clapham, and McLevy were likewise of Todd's way of thinking. The success of their daring plot might be menaced by Ned and the knowledge he had picked up. The lust for gold, in such men, is sufficient excuse for any crime, however dark.

Ned's face turned a sickly white under the gleam of the lanthorn. Yet he was too brave to cringe or cower before his foes. Hornby drew his pistol and extended it toward Todd. The latter shook his head and took firmer grip on his cutlass.

"That would make too much noise," said he. "Clap a hand over his mouth, mate," he added to McLevy, and took a step toward Ned, pushing up the sleeve of his sword arm as he did so.

Ned, aware that he was face to face with an issue of life and death, and that no mercy was to be hoped for from these fiends in human form, began to struggle. He was like a child in McLevy's grasp, however, and his struggles were futile. Then he attempted to cry out, but the mate's hand was over his lips.

Just at that instant, when Ned's life wavered in the balance, Vernon drew his pistol, took careful aim at Todd, and would have fired, had not George laid a quick hand on his arm.

"The lanthorn!" whispered George.

To shoot Todd would have availed little, and might have wrecked the whole scheme for saving Ned. In the darkness and excitement following a shot at the lanthorn, the boy perhaps would succeed in effecting his escape.

Frank, recognizing at once the value of his comrade's suggestion, turned the point of the pistol upon the lanthorn. The explosion of the weapon followed quickly.

There was a crash of breaking glass, the light was snuffed out, and, after a moment of startled silence, a swirling torrent of oaths broke from the rascally quartet.

"Run, Ned!" shouted George. "Run for your life, boy!"

"I'm free, cap'n!" came a shout from Ned. "Look to yerself."

CHAPTER X. FRANK'S RUSE.

The reassuring cry from Nimble Ned proved that the main part of the counterplot engineered by George and Frank had succeeded. The boy had escaped in the excitement following the shot from the brush and the breaking of the lanthorn. It now remained to evade the four

rascals from the *Black Rover* and regain the boat at the shore.

In a perfect fury of rage Todd and his companions had rushed blindly into the undergrowth from which the well-aimed bullet had come. But, when they reached the point, George and Frank were not there. The two youths had turned and raced for the point where the yawl had been left.

George was in the lead, Frank following him by a few feet. A cry from Frank caused George to halt.

"What has happened, Frank?" asked George.

"I'm down, George. Save yourself—don't bother about me."

"Are you hurt?" George returned through the dark to his friend's side as he put the question.

"I tripped over a log," returned the lieutenant, "and have sprained my ankle. Quick, George! make off—there's not a second to waste."

"I shall not leave you, Frank," answered George.

"Don't be foolish! All I can do is to hobble along, and if you stay to help me, you can't get away. Gad! how that ankle hurts! It's badly twisted."

"Give me your hand, lad," returned George. "Now, lean on me and we'll get to the boat some way."

"You're forgetting the letter," begged Frank, whispering in his friend's ear.

"I'm forgetting nothing," was George's firm response. "I'll not abandon you, no matter what happens. Come—we're a good way from being captured. We can reach the yawl, I'm sure."

To demur was useless, as Frank could plainly see. Captain Hotspur was never known to desert a friend in danger.

Leaning heavily on the young captain's shoulder, the lieutenant limped painfully onward, smothering the groans that rose to his lips and proceeding as fast as he could under the circumstances.

The sounds of crashing brush and wild oaths had died away as if by magic.

"Todd and his bravos have gone on a wild-goose chase," said George cheerfully. "They are looking for us in some other direction, and while they're at it, we'll make good our escape."

Vernon was berating the accident that had lamed him at such a critical moment.

"There, there, lad!" broke in George. "I think luck has been with us in this venture, in spite of your mishap. Ned got away, and I'll warrant the scoundrels will not catch him. The boy's life is saved, and if ever he needed help, he did then."

"But that letter," groaned Frank. "Todd and McLevy would give their eyeteeth to get it, and every moment that hinders our flight gives them a chance."

"They have small chance now. There is our yawl yonder. A few steps more and we shall be aboard."

It was with great difficulty that the young captain got his friend into the yawl. The reeds grew thickly along that part of the shore, and the water was somewhat shallow. After Frank had been made as comfortable as possible in the stern of the small craft, George unshipped one of the oars and arose to push off. They could not wait for Ned, but they knew very well that the boy could be trusted to look after himself.

"Not so fast, Cap'n Hotspur!"

The hoarse voice came from one side of the yawl.

Looking in that direction George and Frank saw the scowling face of McLevy peering at them through the parted reeds. On a line with his eyes McLevy held a pistol, its point within two feet of the young captain's breast. The mate was standing in water above his knees, and his left hand had firm hold of the gunwale.

"Drop your hand, McLevy!" shouted Frank, raising his own weapon.

A hoarse laugh broke from the mate's lips.

"Don't fire, lieutenant," he growled. "Look behind you."

Vernon thought this a ruse to have him turn away, and did not look. But he soon found out that no trick was intended. The cold point of a pistol was laid against his neck and another voice—the voice of Hornby—ground out:

"I'm at yer back, my lad, an' if you shoot, I shoot, too."

"An' here am I," came from Clapham, also showing himself through the reeds on Hornby's side of the boat. He likewise was armed with a pistol. It was a discouraging situation, and the moon was so bright that it showed it in every detail.

"A pretty trap we laid for ye," went on McLevy, with a choppy laugh, "an' how finely ye dropped into it. Drop that oar, Captain Hotspur, an' come ashore with yer friend. We've business with the two o' ye."

"We're not going ashore," answered George, casting about in his mind for some way out of the difficulty.

"Belay with such talk! Ye're goin' ashore, right enough, my buck, whether willin' or no."

"See here," said Frank. "You want that letter, McLevy—"

"Ye know it well. An' I'm goin' to have it, too."

"Not unless you make a bargain with us."

"A bargain, ye say? What sort of a bargain?"

The eagerness in the mate's voice did not escape Vernon. George, astonished at his comrade's words, watched him keenly and wondered what he was about to do.

"Let us go and you shall have the letter," said Frank.

"No!" cried George, amazed that Frank should try to make such a bargain with the miscreants.

"I say yes, captain," retorted Frank sharply. "I have no mind to take chances with my life, even if you have with yours."

Such language was totally unlike Frank Vernon; so unlike him, in fact, that the young captain knew he must be playing a part of some kind.

"Will you take the letter, McLevy, and allow us to leave the island?" Frank asked, addressing the mate.

"If it's the right letter, yes," said McLevy, exultation in his voice.

"You can make sure that it is the right letter before releasing the boat."

"Let me have it, then."

"First draw your men off toward the shore. I will trust you no farther than I have to."

"An' when Hornby there comes ashore," answered McLevy, "away ye go, without givin' up the letter."

"Keep your weapons upon us, then," said Frank.

"Lay yer own pistol in the bottom of the yawl," went on McLevy, after a moment's thought.

Frank obeyed. McLevy then backed away toward the bow of the yawl, ordering Hornby and Clapham to do like-

wise. There, a little way from the boat, and with pistols still aimed at George and Frank, they came to a halt.

"Now have done with yer parleyin'," growled McLevy, "an' hand over that letter. I warn ye I won't put up with any nonsense."

"Here's the letter," said Frank, drawing a large envelope from his pocket.

A thrill of astonishment shot through George. He could see little of the document brought forth by his friend, yet he saw enough to fill him with wonder. Taking the missive from Frank, he passed it on to McLevy, who clutched it greedily.

"Now," said George, "I suppose we can shove off?"

"Vast a minute!" answered the mate. "I can't tell by the feelin' o' this that it's the letter we want. Out with yer tinder box, Clapham, an' strike a light."

Clapham struck a light, and George, whose eyes were also on the letter, marveled much. It was an exact duplicate, so far as outside appearance went, of the one intrusted to his care by Governor Dinwiddie. Not only was it of about the same bulk, and addressed in the same clerkly hand, but it also bore the huge double seals.

A triumphant exclamation broke from McLevy.

"A pretty chase ye've given me for this letter," said he. "Ye'd have saved all hands a lot o' bother if ye'd have had it where it could have been easily come at, that night ye were unhorsed on the road to the glebe lands. Still, all's well that ends well, an' ye can pull out, an' ye please."

George waited for no second invitation, but threw his strength on the oar, which he was using as a pole. The yawl shot backward to the open water, scraping through the reeds, while McLevy, Hornby, and Clapham splashed out on the bank. While George was seating himself, preparing to get to work with the oars, a roaring rumble broke from Captain Todd, who pushed into view through the brush.

Where Todd had been during the parley between Frank and McLevy the youths had no idea. Possibly he had been searching the island over for Ned, or for those who had come to his rescue. Be that as it may, however, he now came charging upon the scene, fairly raging with disappointment and anger. McLevy and Todd had words, but what they were the youths in the yawl could not hear. What Todd said had the effect of changing the trend of things.

"Step! you there in that boat!" yelled Todd, tearing frantically down the slope of the bank to the water's edge. "Come back here, or we'll pour a broadside into you."

George flung back a mocking laugh—a laugh in which Frank, despite the pain from his injured ankle, joined him. This served only to increase Todd's fury. McLevy, Hornby, and Clapham had followed Todd back to the river's brink, and the skipper, turning furiously, snatched a pistol from his mate's hand.

"Sink 'em!" he bellowed, with an oath. The explosion of his piece followed close upon the words. Then one bullet barked out, while a third flashed without setting off the charge.

One of the bullets had sped wildly into the air, but the other had whizzed just George's face so near that he could feel the air of it. Before the skipper and his companions could reload, George had driven the yawl far into the river and out of range.

"We have shaken the wolves from our heels," muttered George. "Ah, Frank, I begin to understand now why you wanted some of the governor's stationery. Faith, it was to manufacture a counterfeit letter for the fooling of some rascal like McLevy."

"I wonder you did not guess it before," returned Frank. "McLevy has a thick head, and it was easy to pull the wool over his eyes. But not so with old Skull and Crossbones. He saw how the wind veered the moment he passed words with the mate. Thank Heaven, we are safe out of that web, but I would have given much could we have captured Todd and the rest."

"We are too few in numbers. We did well enough as it is, and it was well to let well enough alone."

"I wonder where Ned is?"

"Safely away, no doubt. If he could—"

"Ahoy, there!" came a hail from up the river.

Turning startled looks upstream, the youths made out the dark outlines of a boat, manned with four oarsmen and with two other men at stern and bow.

"Ahoy!" sang out George.

"What caused that firing over toward the island?" called the voice from the other boat.

"We were the cause of it," answered George, pulling steadily in the direction of this second craft.

"Anything wrong?"

"There's much gone amiss," Frank replied. "Who are you?"

"I'm Lieutenant Leslie, from the man-o'-war *Pallas*. The watch heard the shouting and firing and I ordered this boat out to investigate. 'Pon my soul!" By then the two boats had come so close together that it was possible to recognize the passengers aboard. "Captain Hotspur and friend! Faith, we have strange meetings."

"Lieutenant," said George, laying to in order to have speech with the officer, "Todd and his mate, McLevy, together with two other men from the slaver, are on Windmill Island—"

"Todd and McLevy?" echoed the officer.

"Yes; and—"

"Nonsense, man! Those rascals would not dare show themselves so near Philadelphia after what has happened. They are well into the Atlantic by this time."

"You are mistaken, sir," said George coldly. "They are on Windmill Island. Lieutenant Vernon and I know whereof we speak, for we have met the rascals face to face. They are there, and you can capture them if you act without delay."

George took up the oars and began pulling for shore.

"If you are so sure they are there!" cried Leslie, "why don't you pilot the way and bear a hand?"

"Because Vernon is injured and must be taken care of," the young captain replied.

He saw the man-o'-war's boat lay to in mid-river for many minutes; then, after the lieutenant had apparently made up his mind that the story told him might be true, the oars got in motion and the boat started toward Windmill Island.

"Leslie is going to test the truth of what you told him, at all events," said Frank. He finished with a smothered groan as his ankle gave him a twinge.

"How do you feel, Frank?" George asked.

"The ankle hurts a good deal. I gave it a savage wrench when I tumbled over that log. Oh, confound the luck! So much to be done, and here I'm laid by for

repairs, right in the thick of it. I had counted on riding to Germantown with you in the morning."

"It will be a week or two before you can sit a horse, Frank."

"Small doubt of it. And while you save the Earl of Loudon from this wild plot of Todd's, I must idle away my time in a chair in the Half Moon."

"Why not idle away your time at Master Pemberton's, with Joanna to nurse you?"

Frank laughed a little in spite of the pain he felt.

"Well," he said, "there is a bright side to the picture, surely."

"And then, too, you forgot one thing, Frank."

"What is that?"

"Why, if Leslie captures that worthy quartet on the island there will be nothing to fear on behalf of Lord Loudon. Mayhap I shall not be obliged to ride to Germantown in the morning."

"Leslie won't capture the rascals. He doesn't more than half believe what you told him, so he won't more than half try." Vernon was silent for a few moments, finally breaking out with: "Then there's that meeting with Bradwin!"

"Never mind about that," answered George.

He had not told Frank how he had encountered Leslie and Collinson in front of his cousin's house on High Street, and had agreed to be at the spring in the governor's woods the following morning. It will be remembered that when he got back to the Half Moon Inn, Ned was with Vernon, and had brought the important news concerning McLevy. The chase followed, together with the exciting developments on the island, so that no opportunity had presented itself for telling Vernon of the proposed meeting.

Now that there was opportunity, George said not a word. In Frank's present condition it would be impossible for him to take part in the duel, and if told that it was to come off in the morning, he would be fairly beside himself with disappointment and worry. Therefore, George kept his own counsel, secretly pleased that fate had made it impossible for Vernon to cross swords with Collinson.

They landed at Dock Creek at the same point from which they had started. There was a form on the bank awaiting them.

"Is that you, Friend Scatterwell?" George called.

"Nay, cap'n," cried a familiar voice; "'tis Nimble Ned, an' right glad he is to find you with a whole skin. I reckon you saved me, cap'n, you an' the lieutenant." Ned laid hold of the boat and pulled it in.

"I suppose we did, lad," returned George. "You have much to tell us, but this is neither the time nor place. Come and help me with Vernon."

"Is the lieutenant hurt?" cried Ned.

"Nothing to speak of, Ned," Frank answered. "A sprained ankle is the worst of it."

Between them George and Ned got Frank clear of the yawl and into the dwelling of Friend Tobias. A few words explained the situation to the Quaker, and he did his utmost to make the lieutenant comfortable. Having a knowledge of surgery and also of medicine, he attended to the ankle, dressed and bandaged it, and so eased the pain that Vernon dropped away into sound slumber.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOVERNOR'S WOODS.

George and Ned also passed the remainder of the night under the hospitable roof of Tobias Scatterwell. Before retiring, Ned told George of the manner in which he had gained the island and involved himself in the danger from which his friends had saved him.

The blow dealt Ned by McLevy was a heavy one, and for a space seemed to sap every particle of the boy's strength. He roused up sufficiently to make answer to George as he and the lieutenant sped by, and then took part in the chase himself.

At first Ned could only stagger along, but gradually his strength returned to him. He was hopelessly left behind in the pursuit, however, and arrived at the bridge over Dock Creek with small knowledge as to whether his friends and McLevy had gone.

He halted on the bridge, and, as he stood there, saw the dark figure of a man on the bank below release a boat and paddle away toward the Delaware. Ned did not know that this man was McLevy, but it was a queer time for any one to go for a boat ride, and the boy felt that it would be well to follow the man if he could find a way to do it.

Lowering himself over the bridge approach, he dropped to the bank below, found a boat, and pushed off. When he reached the river, he could not see the man he was following—McLevy at that time hugging the shore and awaiting cautiously to find whether he was still pursued.

Ned was perplexed, and presently got it into his head that McLevy, if the man were really he, had gone to the island. So he pulled in that direction, landed, and began a search.

Some time passed before his search was rewarded in any way. Then he heard sounds in the darkness, started to investigate them, and ran full tilt into the hands of McLevy, and was dragged, as we have seen, into the presence of Todd and the other two scoundrels.

The breaking of the lanthorn was the saving of Ned. So startled was McLevy by the unexpected shot from the thicket that his hand relaxed on the boy's collar and Ned tore away, regained his boat, and pulled swiftly back to Dock Creek.

George was up at five of the morning. Frank and Ned were still soundly sleeping, and the young captain was intending to fare forth without word or sign to any one in the house, but was confronted at the front door by Tobias.

"What dost thou, Friend George?" inquired Tobias. "Thou wilt surely break thy fast with me before leaving my roof? Fie, sir, to treat my hospitality thus!"

"I have urgent business, Tobias," answered the young captain, somewhat taken aback by this unforeseen encounter with the brave Quaker.

"Send thy lad about the business."

"Ah," laughed George, "thou dost forget the good Doctor Franklin's words, Tobias: 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.' Besides, this business is nothing a servant can attend to."

"It must be very pressing to call thee at this hour."

"So it is."

Tobias was curious. "May I not help thee, Friend George?"

"Thou canst not, I fear."

"At least, make trial of me. 'Tis no more than one friend should do by another."

"Then fetch me a horse and a trusty rapier. My own blade was left in Williamsburg."

George mentioned the sword with a broad smile. Quakers, he knew, looked with abhorrence upon any sort of weapon. But if he thought he had given Tobias a poser, he was mistaken.

"Thou needst a sword, Friend George?" asked Tobias, clasping his hands and rolling his eyes solemnly. "Perhaps thou art faring forth on some dangerous errand?"

"Let the blade be true," replied George lightly, "and I can promise you there will be small danger in the errand for me."

Tobias threw out both hands and laid them on George's shoulders, looking him squarely in the eyes.

"Keep thy own counsel, an' thou wilt. Thou shalt have the sword, and the horse, too. But have a care lest the knowledge get abroad. I care not to be instructed by the Friends."

"Then you have a sword?" smiled George.

"Aye! as true a blade as ever came out of Damascus. I am worldly-minded, and I have clung to the blade against the time the theories of my cousin, Marmaduke Lee, are proved. Should there be a war for the independence of these colonies, I—I—" Tobias broke off abruptly. "What was I saying? Forget it, Friend George. My mind is forever betraying me into wild words. Wait."

Tobias hurried away. Presently he returned with a belt and rapier. The exquisite workmanship of the blade drew an admiring exclamation from the young captain.

"Thou likest the weapon?" said Tobias. "'Tis well. Go out to the dining room and eat what thou wilt find on the table there. While thou art about this I will get the horse."

George followed the Quaker's instructions, and had barely finished the frugal meal when Tobias entered.

"Thy horse is ready for thee," said he.

"Thank you, Tobias," returned George. "You are a true friend."

"In a worldly sense, although somewhat lax in the requirements of our society." Tobias smiled, then straightened his face solemnly.

"Say nothing of this to my friends, Tobias," cautioned George.

"No word of it shall pass my lips."

"And when Ned, the boy, shows himself, have him go to Master Pemberton's and acquaint a young lady there of the injury to Master Vernon."

"It shall be done. The boy knows the lady?"

"Yes."

Thereupon George buckled the rapier to his waist, shook hands with Tobias, and went out and mounted. Tobias, standing in the door, called after him:

"It grieves me to see thee start forth on such an errand, but if thou findest thine enemy, and come to blows with him, I know well thou wilt not dishonor the steel borrowed of me."

The dewy freshness of the morning brought brightness into the young captain's heart. He was on his way to fight a duel, but he had no thought of the affray in which he was planning to engage. His mind was upon Mistress Amy. As he rode through the governor's woods to the spring the birds were singing in the branches above him, and the breath of wild flowers hovered in the air

like incense. A sanguinary meeting was sadly out of place amid such surroundings.

When he came out upon the cleared space near the spring, his horse whinnied and was answered in kind by two other horses whose riders were on the ground with bridles looped over their arms. The two riders were Lieutenant Leslie and Midshipman Collinson. Bradwin was not with them.

"Good morning, captain," said Leslie, as George drew rein.

The young captain bowed, the salutation being coldly returned by Collinson.

"We have come with an apology," began Leslie, "and —"

"Ah!" murmured George, a quick relief darting through his nerves.

"Not the sort of an apology you think," cut in Collinson. "Bradwin has the right of this quarrel, and we do not bring an apology from him to you for what happened in the cabin of the *Pallas*."

"No?" returned George calmly. "What then?"

"It was impossible for Lieutenant Bradwin to come here in person," proceeded Leslie. "He has been ordered to Germantown to ride to Philadelphia with the Earl of Loudon, who comes this afternoon. Lieutenant Bradwin is already on the road."

George was surprised at this information. Yet he need not have been. The British fleet was to aid Loudon in his projected expedition against Louisburg, and no doubt Bradwin was a bearer of some message from Captain Culver.

"By the way," said Collinson, "where is your friend, Captain Hotspur?"

"He met with an accident last night," replied George, "and was physically unable to keep the appointment."

"Oh!" sneered the midshipman. "Another makeshift!"

"No makeshift, sir," quoth George hotly. "I am at your service in Lieutenant Vernon's stead." He dismounted as he spoke.

"That will do fairly well," said the midshipman, stripping to the shirt sleeves.

"Wait, Collinson!" cried Leslie, frowning. "I claim precedence on behalf of Bradwin. Captain Lee, will you first engage with me on Bradwin's account?"

"With pleasure," said George.

Collinson was in a temper.

"When he finishes with you, Leslie," he muttered, "I will have no chance."

"That remains to be seen," responded Leslie. "At any rate, it were asking too much of Captain Lee to have him engage us in succession. The choice is with him."

"I choose to do so," said George.

A gleam came into Leslie's eye—a friendly light, such as George had never before seen there.

"Although a provincial," said Leslie, pulling off coat and waistcoat and rolling up his right shirt sleeve, "I find you a gentleman of courage, Captain Lee. It is a pleasure to cross blades with you. Collinson, the horses."

The midshipman moved over to the horses and took the bridles of all three. But he did so sulkily, and was evidently in resentful mood.

George made ready. When stripped for combat, he showed a liveness and grace that still further won Les-

lie's admiration. They saluted, their points crossed, and the fight began.

The young captain had hardly felt the lieutenant's wrist ere he knew he had to deal with the pupil of a master of fence. Like fire the blades flew, gathering the early sunlight on their polished surfaces and reflecting it in blinding circles.

Like lightning there was a feint in high carte and a thrust in low tierce; it was a volte coupe, and Leslie's sword passed through a fold of George's shirt.

George smiled as his unswerving eyes kept themselves riveted upon his antagonist's face. He had his man's measure now. Again Leslie tried his trick, this time in prime and seconde. But George was ready for him. There was a circular parry, a thrust over the guard, a wrench of the wrist, and away flew Leslie's weapon, high in air.

"Gad!" burst from the lips of the wounded lieutenant. "As pretty a thrust as I ever saw in my life!"

"Will you have more, lieutenant?" asked George, waiting.

"I will have this much more," replied Leslie, "and that is the hand of a gentleman whom I have wronged. If there are many provincial soldiers like you, Captain Lee, my estimate of them will undergo a change."

"Thank you for that," said George, shifting his rapier to his left hand and stretching out his right. "When the king's men recognize the fact that there is some merit and mettle in us provincials, affairs in these colonies will fare differently. We Americans wish the respect of our kinsmen from oversea. We must have you for our good friends or good enemies, one or the other."

"Let it be friends, then," and the two young men struck hands heartily.

"Here," snapped Collinson, "take the horses, Leslie. My turn now."

Leslie turned on the midshipman with a frown.

"You are mad, Collinson!" said he sharply. "I am a better swordsman than you, and the captain—"

Collinson stamped with rage.

"I'll show him!" he snarled. "Take these horses."

Leslie did not venture to demur further, but took the bridles and faced about. Collinson grabbed up his sword and rushed to combat with reckless fury. The steel had hardly crashed together before he was disarmed—his blade plucked from his hand with neatness and dispatch.

He screamed an oath and ran for his weapon. Again he engaged, and again he was disarmed. Thrice this happened, the young man not being able to hold his weapon long enough to give battle. Leslie shrugged his shoulders and watched with an amused smile.

The third time he was disarmed, Collinson lost complete control of himself.

"Out on your tricks!" he cried. "Dodge this, an' you can!"

From the breast of his shirt he drew a pistol and would have snapped it at the young captain had not the lieutenant, with an angry imprecation, jumped forward and struck it out of his hand.

"Poltroon!" cried Leslie, indignant. "Beg pardon of Captain Lee for that knavery or you are no longer friend of mine. In Heaven's name, Collinson, what sort of man are you?"

Collinson scowled, but made no reply.

"Do you excuse yourself for what you did in heat of temper?" demanded Leslie, pressing his point.

"I excuse myself for nothing," said Collinson hotly, getting into his garments.

"Then it is for me to do so," said Leslie, pale with anger. "Captain Lee, not all king's men are like Collinson, I would have you know. Had I imagined he would act in this manner, I should not have come out with him."

"The midshipman has much to learn," said George. "I suppose we may cry quits on our quarrel now?"

"With all my heart."

Collinson, having donned his coat, waistcoat, and hat, buckled his sword about him, flung himself on his horse, and rode madly away. George and Leslie made their arrangements in more leisurely fashion. As the lieutenant was about to take himself off, the young captain asked:

"Can you tell me, lieutenant, when my Lord Loudon leaves Germantown for Philadelphia?"

"This afternoon, I believe, although I am not well informed of his plans."

"And what about last night? Did you succeed in capturing Todd, McLevy, and the other two rascals?"

"They escaped us in a boat, although we chased them off the island."

"Thank you."

"I trust we shall meet again, Captain Lee."

"It will give me pleasure, Lieutenant Leslie."

With a parting word Leslie rode off after Collinson.

"Now for Germantown," thought George, as he swung himself astride the horse Tobias had provided for him. "Todd was misinformed as to the hour Lord Loudon is to leave Germantown, and possibly this fact will foil his desperate designs. But I cannot afford to take chances on such a matter. If there is deviltry afoot, I must make sure that it comes to nothing."

A few moments later he was galloping along the Germantown road.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRIFLE MIXED.

A certain witness, in an action for assault and battery, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just layed off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog came along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up with a stun and throwed it at him, and it rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor, and he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No; Dennis. And wid that he stuck his tail between his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No; the dog. And when he came back to me, he go me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No; Dennis, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Crashed from Cloudless Sky.

At New York Mills, Minn., out of a starlit and apparently cloudless sky a volley of fire came forth as though a bomb had been dropped from out a stray European aéroplane. A terrific explosion followed with the sound of many thunderbolts. The phenomenon occurred at two o'clock in the morning, when nearly everyone in the village was asleep. The crash aroused and terrorized the entire village.

A number of young folk, who had been out to a party and who were returning home, saw the meteorlike object and explained that it looked like a huge ball of fire, and when it exploded it resembled in appearance a huge spider web.

When daylight came investigation developed that the bolt had exploded in the H. C. Hanson lawn, where many trees were damaged and numerous holes were found where it had gone into the ground. Some declare it was a bolt of lightning, but those who saw the phenomenon say there was no flash of lightning or no thunder, only a shocking crash.

Legless Men Form Club for Mutual Assistance.

The Willow Tree Club has been formed at Oakland, Cal., for the benefit of men and women who have had the misfortune to lose one or more limbs. The object of the organization is to improve conditions for wearers of artificial limbs, to assist them in securing employment, and to teach unfortunates the worth of man-made appendages.

The club will also work for the enforcement of the State laws requiring safety devices for machinery in factories, and for the passage of other measures designated to prevent accidents. Its officials will coöperate with the Industrial Accident Board of California in securing data in regard to the causes of industrial accidents.

It is estimated that there are about six thousand eligibles on the Pacific coast, and Charles Devlin, who has lost a limb, is traveling through this territory on a bicycle assisting in organizing the club.

A baseball team has been formed and members are now learning to play the national game. Secretary C. S. Hastings, who is minus both limbs, has written to George Gibson, catcher for the Pittsburgh Nationals, with whom he went to school, asking him to come to the coast and train the players.

Mushrooms Cause Two Deaths.

Investigation was started recently by the Chicago coroner's office to learn if farmers in the vicinity of South Chicago and McCool, Ind., had purposely poisoned mushrooms which caused the deaths of two and the serious illness of nine persons.

The statement of four boys who had gathered and sold the mushrooms to the affected persons that they had been warned against gathering them by the farmers of the vicinity suggested that such a step might have been taken by the latter to keep the trespassers away.

Relatives of the victims explained that the latter used the onion and the silver tests in cooking the mushrooms,

to determine whether or not they were of the edible variety. In each case, they said the onion and the silver remained white, and therefore the victims supposed the mushrooms were all right. The dead are Mrs. Jadwiga Zemrowsky, 8746 Euston Avenue; Mrs. Mary Szczepaniewicz, 8823 Commercial avenue. Others may die.

Six chickens and ducks, owned by the Zemrowsky family, ate some of the mushroom trimmings before they were cooked. They died almost immediately.

Little Boy Sent by Parcel Post.

According to the postal regulations human bodies are not allowed to be transported through the mail. When the parcel post was first established, several children were received by postmasters and forwarded to their destination, some of them being mere infants in arms, and the rural route carriers occasionally found themselves jogging along over the country highways and turnpikes with a properly stamped and labeled baby sleeping quietly on his left arm, or else making the hills, valleys, and woodland echo with its deafening cries for nourishment.

This style of handicap naturally led to a remonstrance from the carriers—mild at first, but becoming more and more emphatic as the babies began to multiply in the mail. "Pretty howdy-do when a mail toter hez ter become a wet nurse in order to hold his job," one rural carrier is said to have written to the department. Hence was issued the order barring human bodies from the parcel post, as they had always been barred from the regular mail.

However, a six-year-old boy has recently been passed from one point to another and safely delivered at his destination. The postmaster at Highview, near Romney, W. Va., recently accepted for shipment by parcel post George Lerick, whose age is six years. The lad was labeled and shipped from Highview to a small town in Virginia. The postage amounted to fifty cents, and in addition a special-delivery stamp was attached to the boy to insure quick delivery.

There was considerable discussion when the Highview postmaster put the lad on the train, but the postal clerk finally accepted him and he was later reported delivered to his destination in good condition.

The Highview postmaster, when told of the post-office regulations governing parcel-post shipments, pleaded ignorance of any rule that applied to human bodies, as he had never had occasion to consult any section of the laws applying to such a case.

A Fish Story.

Martin Ulrich, who hooked the biggest fish that ever got away, is not boasting of the honor. He thinks the joke was on him.

Ulrich, who is a salesman of Oakland, Cal., was out fishing in his launch off Angel Island, in San Francisco Bay. Suddenly his line gave a violent tug. He grasped it with all his might, and so strong was the pull that the launch began to plunge wildly through the waves.

After a few minutes of excited uncertainty, something

strange and shapeless rose from a swirl of foam ahead. It was the U. S. navy submarine K-27, taking a practice spin. Ulrich's hook had fouled a ring on the exterior of the submarine. He cut the line.

A Snoring Rooster Disturbs.

William O'Boyle, came to the police station at Reading, Pa., recently to enter a queer complaint. The offender in the case is a rooster that "snores." O'Boyle charged that his neighbor's rooster not only begins crowing at eleven-forty-five every night, but from then until morning utters a low guttural noise that at regular intervals sounds like a crosscut saw tearing through an ironwood knot.

"Couldn't the owner grease the old bird's chest with goose oil, or put some in his feed?" asked one of the officers.

"I'll tell you what," said the chief. "Get a Maxim silencer and put it on the rooster; if you haven't one, I guess, perhaps, we can lend you one. But try the goose oil first. My wife recommended it to me, and I find that it does the business."

Child is Reared by Monkeys.

In the jungle near Naina Ta, says a Bombay letter, a wild-looking creature, apparently a human female child, has been found. That she is human is proved by the fact that there are vaccination marks on both arms, but exposure to the elements has caused a thick growth of hair down each side of the face and spine, which makes her appearance more like that of a monkey than a human being. There is evidence to show she has always walked upright, but her sitting posture is that of a monkey, as are all her actions.

She was very much frightened when first caught, and cried and whimpered. She would eat only grass and raw potatoes, but later was induced to take bread and milk. She is unable to talk, but there is no doubt that she can hear.

Curfew for Ragtime Parties.

City Prosecutor George McKeeby, of Los Angeles, Cal., has just concluded a comprehensive investigation of "rag parties" and their relation of the law which defines the charge of disturbing the peace. The effect of "Too Much Mustard," "Get Out and Get Under," and other raggy compositions has been carefully considered by the public official. His conclusion is that all private rag parties must close at one o'clock a. m.

"I will not issue a complaint for disturbing the peace when the alleged annoyance occurs before one o'clock," said Mr. McKeeby. "I believe that people have a right to do as they please in their home, provided, of course, that the law is not violated."

Cow With Crumpled Horn Loses Her Head.

This is the Colinwood Farm that Edwin H. Hatch, a New York banker, built at Maplewood, N. J. And this is the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by a hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built. This is the horse that was bitten by the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

This is the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

And this is the mare that was bitten by the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

This is Patrick Kangle, whose arm was bitten by the mare that was bitten by the dog that was kicked by the horse that was bitten by the cow with the crumpled horn that was stung by the hornet on the farm that Mr. Hatch built.

All of which happened in quick succession, like the falling of a row of standing dominoes. Doctor G. Herbert Taylor, the county physician, could not find the hornet, the original cause of the trouble, so he ordered the cow with the crumpled horn killed and its head sent to New York City for bacteriological examination to determine if she had rabies. In the meantime all the other animals involved have been placed under surveillance, and Kangle's wound has been cauterized.

An American's Sympathies.

A resident of Chicago who speaks German, and was born in the former French province of Alsace-Lorraine, his father a German and his mother French, was asked where his sympathies are in the present conflict. He answered:

"When I think of my father, I want to shout, 'Hoch der kaiser'; when I think of my mother I want to sing the 'Marseillaise,' and when I think of myself I say, 'Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!'"

Skeleton in Abandoned Mine.

An old abandoned mine was recently entered by two enterprising boys of Okanagan Falls, B. C., Canada, and when not far from the cave's mouth they came upon the remains of a human body. By its side was a bag which proved to contain samples of gold of high quality and value. The skeleton is accounted for by old residents, who say it must be that of some unfortunate prospector who took refuge there many years ago during a storm and perished.

Priest, Single-handed, Takes Twenty-six Prisoners.

The *Bourse Gazette*, of Petrograd (St. Petersburg), Russia, publishes a story about a Russian regimental chaplain, who, single-handed, captured twenty-six Austrian troopers. He was strolling on the steppes outside of Lemburg when suddenly he was confronted by a patrol of twenty-six men who tried to force him to tell the details of the position of the Russian troops.

While talking to the men the priest found that they were all Slavs, whereupon he delivered an impassioned address, dwelling on the sin of shedding the blood of their Slav brethren.

At the end of the address, the story concludes, the troopers with bent heads followed the priest into the Russian camp.

Shocking Request Ignored.

Expressing a wish that an electric needle be thrust into her heart after death, and that her body be cremated and the ashes thrown into deep water, the will of Mrs. Katherine W. Stilwell was filed for probate at Baltimore, Md.

"I wish," she says further in her will, "that no female members of my family accompany the remains from the house. If it should be while I am in a hotel or in an

apartment, I do not wish the body to be taken down in an elevator, but to be carried down by hired employees of the undertaker, and that it be conveyed to the crematory in the undertaker's wagon and not in a hearse. I wish that my ashes be placed in any very plain receptacle, and that my nephew, Harry K. Meyers, take them out to deep water and, after weighing the receptacle, drop them into the water."

The woman's heart was not punctured, but other provisions of will were carried out. She was the mother of Mrs. Constance W. Stonebraker, of New York, whose husband was recently granted a divorce, after naming twelve correspondents in his suit.

Uses Slang in Wire, Arrested as a Spy.

A story of how a telegram for financial assistance couched in typical American slang landed a Manual Training High School instructor in a German prison under suspicion of being a conspirator against the government was told upon the arrival in New York of the Italian liner *Ancona* from Naples.

Doctor Alexander Becker, of New York, was the man who had to occupy a cell for thirty hours as a result of the inability of German officials to fathom the Yankee vernacular, and his fellow teacher, Professor Edouard San Giovanni, was the one who sent the wire that caused all the trouble.

The message was as follows: "Kale all gone. Wire thirty beans at once."

Another arrival on the *Ancona* was Professor W. A. Oldfather, of the University of Illinois, who got into trouble in Italy for an equally harmless cause. He let his beard grow because it was too much trouble to shave, and the Italians arrested him seven times as a German spy because he was making maps and taking photographs in Calabria. They said no American wore a beard, and they would not believe he wasn't German.

War Taunts for Christians.

Christian workers at Tokyo, Japan, find that the European war is obstructing the propagation of the Gospel. Non-Christians taunt Christians with the fact that nations calling themselves Christians are engaging in a war of annihilation contrary to the teachings of the Prince of Peace. This, they say, indicates that the power of Christianity is waning, that so-called Christian civilization is merely a veneer, and that the inconsistencies of nominally Christian nations are the greatest obstacles to mission work.

"Bleeding Belgium."

When Great Britain, France, and Russia recently made their compact, stipulating that peace shall not be concluded separately by any one of the three allies, Belgium was not included, but the diplomats of the greater powers announced that the little kingdom which has suffered so much in the war would be "cared for."

Many times have the attentions of other nations been fixed upon Belgium, to her sorrow. She has more historic battle sites than are on a map of any equal area. Yet Belgium is the most thickly populated country in Europe. The population at the present time is 7,423,787. Of these 3,229,672 speak in the Flemish language only, 2,833,334 French only, and 871,288 people speak Flemish as well as French. The Flemish have their principal locality

in Flanders, but also prevail throughout Antwerp, Limburg, and part of South Brabant. The Walloons, who use the French language, are chiefly found in the southern part of Belgium.

Most of the Belgian farms are small. A 250-acre farm is looked upon as very large. The world has seen how from the little farms, the factories, and mines of Belgium there came an army of undaunted fighters.

Cruiser Officer a Hero.

A thrilling story of heroism is told by one of the survivors of the British cruiser *Pathfinder*, which was wrecked by a torpedo in the North Sea, instead of a mine as generally supposed. He said the chief petty officer of the cruiser, although badly injured, tried his best to cheer up the sailors, calling on them to sing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

After telling of the first dreadful shock as the cruiser struck the mine and the latter exploded, killing instantly all the men in the fore part of the vessel, the survivor said:

"Above us and all around us was the blackness of night, and wreckage of all kinds came down on us through the smoke. I got up and ran aft, where the men were busy working under the orders of the officers. The situation was desperate. Our boats had been smashed, so we pitched overboard booms, pieces of wood, and gratings—anything that would float. We tried to wrench doors off the hinges, but we had not enough time.

"The chief petty officer swam here and there among the struggling men, carrying them pieces of wood and wreckage and assisting them in other ways. He saved many from death. He got together eleven sailors and enabled them to remain afloat for more than an hour until help came. He cheered their spirits by singing the popular 'Tipperary' song and tried to get them to join, but the response was not hearty.

"The petty officer saw four of the men sink to death. More were on the point of losing their grip on the pieces of wood which were keeping them on the surface when the officer saw the smoke of torpedo boats speeding to the rescue. He cheered and sang until the drooping spirits of the remaining men in the group were revived and they stuck it out until they were taken aboard the rescuing fleet."

Woman Fights With French.

Among the wounded brought to Noisy-le-Sec, France, a town in the Department of the Seine and near the Ourcq Canal, was a young laundress in a soldier's uniform. She had followed a company of zouaves and had fought alongside of them in the trenches. Her identity was not discovered until she was wounded. Before sending her to the rear, the commanding officer complimented her on her bravery.

Bed Springs Catch Wireless Messages.

There are many different kinds of wire receivers, or antennae, to catch the mysterious electric waves which carry wireless messages through space. Probably the most novel method is that used by C. H. Flandreux, of Peekskill, N. Y., who has found that the springs of his bed serve as excellent antennae. He gives the following account of his experiments:

"My room is in the second story of the house, and by using the wire bed springs as antennae I can easily read

the signals sent out every night by the wireless station at Sayville, N. Y., although they are not by any means so loud as when I use my outdoor antennæ, which are forty feet above ground, sixty feet long, and consist of four wires on spreaders, the wires being two feet apart.

"The bed-spring antennæ are best for use with near-by, high-power stations. Sayville is about fifty miles from Peekskill. With my outdoor antennæ I continually hear the Arlington (Va.) naval station when it sends out the correct time signals at eleven-thirty-five a. m. and at nine-fifty-five p. m.; also the weather reports and messages from Brooklyn Navy Yard, New London, Conn., Cape Cod, and others, including amateur stations too numerous to mention.

"I have an all-around good apparatus, I hold a station license, and an operator's license, both issued by the United States government."

Needn't Wait for These Inventions.

A humorist suggests the following as inventions that are needed:

Five-cent pieces that will make a noise like a silver dollar when dropped into the collection plate.

Umbrella that will explode and shoot a skyrocket when taken by the wrong party.

Keyhole that will jump out of the door and fasten itself onto the key automatically.

Front stairs that will not squeak at two a. m.

Wireless Runs Boy's Craft.

With a model hydroaëroplane, launched and controlled by a small wireless apparatus, William Dettman, a boy, won the first prize in the event for machines launched by their own power at the aviation meet held under the auspices of the Seattle (Wash.) public library.

Dettman's machine was launched from a pool and was controlled entirely by the wireless during the whole length of its flight.

Twenty-six Years in Minor Leagues.

"Kid" Mohler, who has been released by the Woodlawn, Cal., team on account of inability to hit, is the only player to remain twenty-six years in the infield. Although Mohler has played ball in pretty nearly every minor league of note in the country, in all his years of service in the diamond he has never graced a big-league line-up.

The "Kid," as he was known to baseball fans all over the country, was one of the freaks of baseball. He started in the game as a left-handed pitcher, but owing to his size, which mitigated against him, he quit and took up a position at second base. There he remained.

New Biplane Goes Eighty-six Miles an Hour.

A new military aëroplane tested at the United States army aviation camp at San Diego, Cal., has shown remarkable speed and climbing ability. It is a biplane, and the official requirements were that it carry approximately six hundred pounds of useful load, have a speed range of from forty-five to seventy-five miles an hour, climb fifteen thousand feet in ten minutes, and be able to rise from long grass or harrowed ground. In the official trials a speed of eighty-six miles per hour, with a full load, is said to have been attained, while the climbing speed is re-

ported to have exceeded the requirements. The performance is considered remarkable in that the motor used is rated at only ninety horse power.

A striking feature of the new machine is the shape of the wings, which resemble those of the flying boat *America*. The under surfaces are very flat, the curve being almost imperceptible, while the upper sides of the planes are highly arched.

Evidently the speed is not the result of sacrificing size or weight, for the machine is one of the largest built for the army, and has a wing spread of more than forty feet.

An even better showing is expected from a scouting machine being built for the military aëroplane competition to be held at San Diego next month.

Charms Snake With Harmonica.

With a classic selection played on a mouth organ, William H. Harding, of Spring Grove, Pa., took the fight out of a six-foot black snake that showed every disposition to attack him.

This is the way it came about, according to Harding. He was strolling through a grove when he happened to glance aloft and observed the snake, coiled on a limb, and apparently preparing to drop down upon him.

Recalling stories of snakes charmed by music, Harding leaped aside and, drawing his mouth organ from his pocket, began to reel out the plaintive strains of the "Miserere," from "Il Trovatore."

The effect was like magic. The reptile swayed with the music until it lost its grip and fell to the ground, where it lay as though lifeless. Harding stopped playing, and immediately the snake glided off into the brush.

Coal Mine the Tomb of Thirteen Men.

A little group of mourners gathered at Union Coal Company's Mine No. 1, near Adamson, Ohio, recently, and held funeral services for thirteen miners who are buried eight hundred feet below the surface of the earth in a slope which collapsed. Thirteen little crosses, painted white, were erected two feet apart over the death pit to mark the scene of one of the most remarkable mine disasters in American history.

The men met death 2,200 feet from the entrance of the slope as they were leaving the mine for the day. Since that time rescuers have been engaged in digging away the débris that clogged the mouth of the slope. The work was kept up day and night an entire week, and was abandoned when it became certain that the entire mine had caved in, burying the workers under millions of tons of rock, earth, and coal.

It required six years to dig the mine, and rescuers say it would require three years to reach the point where the men were entombed. As a last resort an effort was made to dig a tunnel from an adjoining mine to the ill-fated slope, but a continuation of the collapse and gases forced this plan to be abandoned.

Spots on Sun Blamed for Early Cold Spell.

Officials of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington believe that the cold wave which extended over most of the country early in the fall was caused by the remarkable sun spots which the astronomers recently discovered.

There are several spots and, according to the observa-

tory officials, each is more than 25,000 miles in diameter, and should be plainly visible to the unaided eye through shaded or smoked glass when the weather is clear. The spot which was first noticed is about 50,000 miles in diameter.

Scientists believe that whirling storms or tornadoes cause the appearance of the dark clouds which we call sun spots, and that these have much of an effect on the weather.

Juneau an Indian Cemetery.

The body of an Indian recently unearthed at Juneau, Alaska, in a cheap trunk, recalls to the minds of old-timers that a good part of Juneau was once an Indian burial ground. Relics of past ages of Indians are found almost wherever building operations are carried on.

Special Officer Joe Snow, of the United States marshal's office, in speaking of the matter, said:

"The Indians many times bury their dead in sitting position in boxes, and have dug up many graves and reburied their bones, wrapping them in blankets, sheets, or whatever they could find. From the appearance of the trunk and the sheet shroud, I should say the recent find had been buried about two years ago, and that is about the time that the Alaska Juneau Company purchased the property upon which these bones were found. The company settled with many of the Indian descendants, who moved most of the bones away."

Ponderous Oregon Family.

An attack in force on the White House in Washington is threatened by Mrs. John Laird, of Garfield, Ore., who announces her intention of bearing down on President Wilson with her family of ten children, weighing in the aggregate 2,085 pounds, or an average of 208 pounds per child.

The heaviest, who is twenty years old, weighs 295 pounds; three others weigh 245 pounds each. The mother of this ponderous family is, comparatively, a featherweight, tipping the scale at a paltry 135. The avoirdupois of the father is not told. Such a family would have filled the day with joy for the colonel. It should quicken the wonder, if not the admiration, of President Wilson. Mrs. Laird is frequently heard to remark that "the President just ought to see these lovely children."

Clears \$9,000 in Prizes.

In the grand circuit races at Charter Oak Fair, at Hartford, Conn., there were twelve starters one day, and Tommy Murphy cleaned up handsomely, winning every race, his winnings amounting to more than nine thousand dollars. He won the trotting division of the Matron Stake with the world's champion three-year-old, Peter Volo; had a walk-over in the pacing division of the same stake with the world's champion three-year-old pacer, Anna Bradford; took the 2:24 trot with Barbara Overton, and the free-for-all with Frank Bogash, Jr. Peter Volo won his race in straight heats.

Pennsylvania Giant is Dead.

George W. Gilfillan, of Port Carbon, Pa., one of the biggest men in the history of the county, has just been buried. He was so large that it was impossible to get a coffin into the house, so he was laid out, inside that receptacle, on the lawn. No hearse in the county could hold

the giant coffin, and Gilfillan was conveyed to the cemetery in a furniture van. The dead man was six feet ten inches tall, weighed 500 pounds, and the corpse and coffin together weighed 1,200 pounds, under which ten stalwart bearers staggered across the yard. Gilfillan measured a full yard across his shoulders.

Water Used in Coal Mines.

The Pennsylvania department of mines estimates the total capacity of the pumps below ground in the anthracite field at more than 3,400 tons a minute. This means that they are capable of pumping nearly 1,800,000,000 tons of water per annum, comments the editor of the *Coal Age*.

At the present time these pumps are actually handling approximately 951,000,000 tons of water each year. Thus thirteen tons of water are lifted for every ton of coal mined. Such a quantity of water would fill a canal ten feet deep, 100 feet wide and 4,600 miles long.

At some collieries water is hoisted as well as pumped to the surface. In a shaft at Hazleton a 2,000-gallon tank is hoisted ninety-five times an hour.

"Got Back" at Kitchener.

A London newspaper tells the story of the only man who ever talked back to Lord Kitchener, Great Britain's war minister and military hero. The incident happened at Wady Halfa, in southern Egypt, where Percy Girouard, a French-Canadian engineer, was directing certain work. Kitchener went out to inspect, and, finding it not to his liking, stormed about the way in which it was being done. Girouard listened a moment, and then answered vigorously: "Look here, sir; who is doing this job; you or I?" Kitchener laughed. "Go on; do it your own way," he said. Girouard's attitude must have pleased rather than offended, for later the general placed heavy responsibilities on the young engineer's shoulders. They were borne so well that he was afterward knighted.

A Whistle from Pig's Tail.

"You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail," is an old saying, which, like many others, is generously believed. But a Sodus, N. Y., man has actually made one. The tail was allowed to harden, and when sufficiently tough to be whittled, it was cut to the form of an ordinary willow whistle. Its noise is loud enough to silence all talk that such a whistle can't be.

Pigeons War Messengers.

While the field telegraphy and the wireless are relied upon to do much of the work that was formerly done by carrier pigeons in war, the birds are still used by the European armies.

Millions in Sawdust Waste.

Every time 1,000 feet of cut lumber is turned out 350 pounds of sawdust drops off in waste. In the province of British Columbia alone the annual lumber output is estimated at 1,350,000,000 feet. This means a sawdust waste of 236,250 tons.

The theory that sawdust could be made worth more than a useless pile on a dump heap, or coverings for bar-room floors and icy sidewalks has long been germinating. Now two British Columbia concerns are beginning to com-

press sawdust into bricks, or briquets, to be sold for fuel, and the same thing can be done in Washington, Oregon, Michigan, and other timber States.

It is estimated that the 236,250 tons of sawdust waste in British Columbia alone would be worth \$1,417,500 if turned into bricks at six dollars per ton. It is estimated that the cost, including depreciation, interest on the capital, insurance, and other items, would average three dollars per ton.

Artificial Pearl Industry.

Fairport, Ill., claims to be the home of a unique industry, the artificial development of fresh-water pearls. W. P. Herrick, of New York City, is conducting a series of experiments with mussels in the Mississippi River under the auspices of the government biological station at Fairport. Herrick maintains that a pearl is the result of a natural development.

Why and When Popcorn Pops.

Why popcorn pops is now fully understood. Formerly it was supposed that the popping resulted from the expansion of the oil in the kernel on being heated, but more probably it is due to the expansion of moisture contained in the starch cells. This moisture expands when heated, with sufficient force to cause an explosion of the cells and the kernel turns completely inside out, enveloping the embryo and hull. Probably the expansion of the air within the seed coat also plays some part in the process.

Four Sons Fall in Battle.

A Swiss woman living at Basel, France, married a German. Two sons were born to them. Afterward she married a Frenchman and had two more sons. All four of her sons were called to arms, two on each side. The mother has just received news that all four have fallen in battle.

Old Apple Tree Gets 'Freaky.'

One of the most curious freaks of nature, in the nature of a fruit tree, has been reported at Jacksonwald, Pa. A farmer has an old apple tree from the side of which is growing a big red apple direct from the bark, without branch or twig. Last spring the tenant noticed a small bud, which he did not disturb. Soon a small apple formed which now is nearly full grown and perfect in shape. Farmers declare that they never saw an apple grow out of the bark, and many have driven miles to see it.

Faulty Work of Young Hens.

It is the hens new at laying that supply eggs with more than one yolk. This has been investigated at the Maine Agricultural Experimental Station, and M. R. Curtis reports that about twenty per cent of the pullets beginning to lay before the age of seven months produce one or more eggs with a double yolk. Mature hens seldom produce the abnormal eggs, while no single bird ever lays more than a few. More than three thousand birds were under observation, but in six years only three eggs of three yolks were laid—each being one of a young pullet's first eggs.

Giant Pitcher Is a Russian.

Among the seldom-shown treasures of John McGraw, of the New York Giants, is a young pitcher who in a few turns on the mound as a major leaguer has shown

startling ability. He is A. J. Schauer, a right-hander, who is always called "Rube" by fellow players. The confusing cognomen has led to reports of McGraw having a left-handed phenomenon in the Rube, but it's from the starboard side Schauer serves, much to the discomfiture of the many strong batsmen he has faced mostly in exhibition games. Rube is six feet tall and weighs 183 pounds.

Schauer is the only native of Russia now enrolled in the big leagues. He was born in Odessa in 1892, and never saw a baseball game until he came to this country with his parents twelve years ago.

How Did the Arbiter Know.

The yarn about George Stallings yelling, "Hey, you bonehead, get up there and bat," and five of his players jumping for bats at one time, recalls Jim Sheckard's quick slam at an umpire.

Sheck was at bat when some one on the bench yelled, "You're a big yellow stiff." The umpire turned and glared angrily toward the bench to try to locate the guilty party.

"If I knew the guy that yelled that," he remarked to Sheckard, "I'd take a week's salary from him."

"How did you know he was yelling at you?" inquired Sheck innocently.

Champion Sunflower Artist.

Henry Liebhart, living east of Joplin, Mo., claims to be the champion grower of sunflowers of the State. Mr. Liebhart cut down a stalk that measured thirteen feet, and removed a giant sunflower which measured seventeen inches in diameter. The enormous flower is on exhibition in one of the downtown newspaper offices in Chitwood, Mo.

This Pitcher is Well Paid.

Smoky Joe Wood, of the Red Sox, has received nearly \$1,000 for every game he pitched last season. He was weak from his winter's illness, with the chances that he will not be right until next year, if then.


There is no record where a pitcher was as good after as before a serious surgical operation.

Accident Leads to Good Fortune.

While Henry Weymann, of Joplin, Mo., was taking three friends on a carriage ride, the rig became mired in a boggy place in the road. Weymann and his guests concluded to walk. He observed a cropping of zinc ore and traced it for more than three hundred feet through the woods. On his return to the city he bought 420 acres of the land, and it is now the richest tract in the district, fast making him a fortune.

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